



Yours sincerely
[Signature]
Wm. Tompkins

INDIAN - - - -

LOVE - - - -

LYRICS - -

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

B. J. H. SOMAKE.

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Published for the Author

BY

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**Copy of a letter received from the Assistant Private Secretary
to His Excellency The Viceroy.**

VICEREGAL LODGE,

Simla, 28th May, 1918.

DEAR SIR,

I am desired to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of your letter dated 29th April 1918 and of the interesting volume of Indian Love Lyrics and other Poems which you have been so good as to send for the acceptance of Her Excellency Lady Chelmsford. Her Excellency fully appreciates your patriotic intention to devote the proceeds of the First Edition over to a War Fund, and I am to suggest that you may care to make the sum to the Imperial Indian Relief Fund.

Yours faithfully,

(*Sd.*) B. J GOULD,

Asst. Private Secretary to the Viceroy.

In accordance with the above suggestion the entire profit from the First Edition of this volume will be made over to the

IMPERIAL INDIAN WAR RELIEF FUND.

(BOMBAY BRANCH.)

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OPINIONS.




"Your verses are so well known * * * I wish your volume of poems every success."

M. de P. WEBB, C.I.E. C.B.E.




"The author of this work is not new to our readers and to the Bombay public, as several of his pithy and smart productions have already appeared in public print. * * * * *

"His versification has always met with popular applause and the beauty of it is the cheerfulness with which he approaches the task and the ease with which he completes it."—*Sunday Teller*.




"Mr. Somake has exhibited an unusual talent for what may be described as poems breathing patriotism. His poems published after the outbreak of war are really of a very superior literary character and well deserves a careful perusal.

The collection before us, however, embraces a very large field, and the subjects have been treated in a masterly manner."—*Advocate of India*.



"The variety of Mr. Somake's subject-matter is marvellous and ranges from an ode to the Queen of Norway to some lines about a motor car.

The book reveals a mind full of observation and alive with interest in all the surroundings of every day life."—*Times of India*.



PREFACE.

In submitting this volume of poems to the public I know that there are pieces in this collection that I would have willingly allowed to be eliminated, but many had already gone into print ere my decision was taken and thus they had to be included. I must submit to the inevitable penalty of poetical and other sins and the abuses of my critics. As will be noticed in the beginning I had made no attempt to either classify or arrange the poems according to their dates of composition owing to my other duties, but later on, these were classified as best as they could be. There will no doubt be found a few printer's errors which owing to many reasons could not be avoided.

Of their defects from an artistic point of view it is unnecessary to speak. I did not originally intend to publish any of my poems, but I was urged to do so by several friends and I had to give way. I leave this volume with the public. I repeat had I followed my own inclination many of the poems would never have been included, as many others have already been eliminated.

I must express my grateful acknowledgements to Mr. Stanhope W. Sprigg, the Founder and first Editor of the *Windsor Magazine*, for undertaking the revision of all my poems upto the end of 1914. To the late Mr. Clifton Bingham for revising the poems "My Doll", "Sing me to Rest,"

"Down in the Deep," and to Mr. A. B. Mortimer for the revision of a few poems and the general assistance and advice he readily gave me at all times.

My readers will please remember that these poems on various subjects were written at different periods and prompted by very different feelings, therefore, the inferiority of one poem to another may be due to the temper of mind in which each may be perused.

Poetry has been to me a pleasure and I expect neither pecuniary gain or fame by the publication of this volume. I consider myself amply repaid without either. Poetry has been to me an endearing companion in solitude, it has been a balm in affliction. These are in themselves sufficient rewards for all my labours.

Some of these poems have already appeared in the *Advocate of India*, *Indian Spectator*, *The Sunday Tatler*, Bombay and the *Phoenix*, Karachi and to the Editors of these papers I express my grateful acknowledgements.

B. J. H. SOMAKE

Bombay, 2nd January 1918.

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INDIAN LOVE LYRICS

AND

OTHER POEMS.



I. WISHES.*

Roses rare, sweet and fair, All with perfume blowing; I would be, love to thee, In thy pathway strewing. And would twine, heart of mine, Life with joys aglowing.	 	All thy days, sweetest lays, Birds should be a singing; At thy feet, thee to greet Blossoms be a springing; To the skies, aye should rise, Sounds of joy-bells ringing.
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Karachi, 15th May, 1907.

2. A SONG OF PARTING.*

O LOVE why are we parted
Must we never meet again,
Can it be that all is over,
And my love but bitter pain?
Recall the vows you made love,
And the troth you plighted me;
When we met amid the roses,
Can it all forgotten be?

Farewell, my sweet,
Though parted here for ever;
Yet we shall meet
In some far distant day,
When death's cold hand
Shall ope' for us life's portal
In God's own land
O greet me, greet me, love again.

Karachi, 15th May, 1907.

* These two lyrics were set to music by Mr. Chas. W. Ancliffe and published as "Two Short Songs" by the Haydn Co., Karachi.

3. LIFE IN VAIN.

WHAT is life but a dream,
A few short years of toil and gain.
Live it well and I'd deem
That you have not lived it in vain.

If you but lift the veil
When you for knowledge are pining
You see a face so pale
'Tis beauty carelessly reclining.

Again you look and lo !
Wrinkles are on the brow once fair;
You'll scarcely ever know
That was beauty reclining there.

Pride must suffer a fall
Then shame follows close on its wake;
Time decides for us all
Our destiny it makes or breaks.

So the world is, friend,
Wealth, beauty, or fame makes us vain,
But naught of those can tend
To change our destiny, that's plain.

Karachi, 14th June, 1902.

4. LOVE'S LONGING. I

TO-NIGHT my heart fills with longing,
With longing for you—only you;
'Twas this night last year we parted
And whispered our last fond adieu.

But do not say 'twill be our last !
You'll come back, love, to me again?
Say not that you've forgotten me,
And that I plead and call in vain ?

To-night I want but you near me;
 Will you come not to me again?
 I know the fault was mine alone,
 I know 'twas I who caused you pain.

But will you not forgive the past?
 Once you said you loved me, you know?
 Must we be for ever parted?
 Ah ! no ! I cannot let you go !

Karachi, 2nd September, 1909.

5. LIFE'S END.

As we grow tired of life,
 ' Midst the tumult and strife;
 And then feel our end drawing near,—
 With dear ones standing by,
 Saying our last good-bye,
 Some go trembling, some without fear.

Lose not heart in the end,
 In God you have a friend;
 Pray to him for the sad world's sake.
 The sun of life may set,
 This you must not forget,
 Though you slumber, the soul shall wake.

Karachi, 17th September, 1909.

6. A LAST REQUEST.

SING to me once again
 The song you used to sing;
 Sing me that sweet refrain
 Sing, love, sing !
 O, but the time is long
 And the days so slow,
 Since you sang me that song
 In the long-ago.

Now I remember well !
 ' Twas but a month ago,
 When from my horse I fell
 Say, love, was it not so ?
 Love, you weep—O, the pain !
 It grips my throat so tight.
 Should we ne'er meet again
 Watch o'er me here to-night.

Karachi, 10th January, 1907.

7. LOVE'S TOKEN

<p>I SEND thee red, red roses Bright with the morning's dew; O ! keep them as a token Of love I bear for you. No blossom can be fairer Than these I send to-day ; Roses for tender keeping, Roses while I'm away.</p>	<p>The violets you sent me I have here by me yet, And I shall always treasure What they, perhaps, forget. For God has been so kind, love, And will be till the last. These violets call to mind, love, The hour that is past.</p>
--	--

Karachi, 10th July 1906.

8. THE PASSING HOUR.

O LITTLE life, O years that glide,
 Look high or low, look far and wide;
 Is not alas ! my dreaming true?
 Nothing on this sad earth is new.
 Living or dead let the solemn bell call
 Sleeping or waking time passes for all.

A little hope, a little gain !
 A little love, a little pain !
 And then we yield our fainting breath
 And leave our little all to death.
 Living or dead let the solemn bell call
 Sleeping or waking time passes for all.

Karachi, 6th October, 1906.

9. PAST MEMORIES.

THE moon shone bright and clear above ;
 Dost thou recall that night of love ?
 You sang to me in years long past !
 O, sing once more while life shall last.

The years have flown, but yesterday,
 You were my own O, month of May !
 Come, come to me while life shall last—
 With memory of all the past.

Karachi, 15th May 1909.

10. THE RIVER OF LIFE.*

THE roses bloom and fade away,
New buds spring forth from day to day ;
The long-expected hour is nigh
When we shall also fade and die —
Though life be gloomy as the past
Face thou the future to the last.

For life is short, the years go by
With here a tear, there a sigh ;
The little deed, the something done
Glory and praise hath surely won.
Though life be gloomy, dark its past,
Face thou the future to the last.

Karachi, 6th October, 1906.

11. LOVE THAT'S TRUE.

LOVE is a gem rarer than jewel,
Its worth no mortal can ever tell,
'Tis a secret no other man knows
Only he, within whose heart it glows.
Often it is true, you will find,
Love always renders his victims blind.
Love dwells in cottage where the poor lie,
Pride shuts its heart and holds its head high.

Lovers together find time too short
To exchange their kisses and their thought.
Some will love, but only to deceive,
Yet trusting hearts readily believe.
Of such beware, false they'll ever be ;
Lest you chose to live in misery,
Love only those who love God—I say
Their love will linger for e'er and aye.

Karachi, 16th September 1909.

* This lyric was set to music by Mr. Albert H. Oswald and is published by Messrs. T. E. Bevan & Co., Calcutta.

12. THOUGHTS OF YOU.

I SEEM to hear your voice, so sweet,
I seem to see your eyes of blue ;
I seem to walk the same old path
Hand in hand with you.
There's the music of your laughter
Wafted in the air.
With all my thoughts of you
The world itself seems fair.

Ah ! Love, could I only tell you
How very dear you are to me,
For life would be one dark despair
Without thoughts of thee.
I think of you by night and day,
To me you are dear.
In all I see around
I feel your presence near.

Karachi, 6th March, 1908.

13. WHILE YOU ARE NEAR.

THE nightingale is singing,
The evening bells are ringing,
All the world is so fair.
The children's laughter pealing,
The scent of roses stealing,
Everywhere, everywhere.

Yonder a light is burning,
Swallows are home returning,
There's music in the air.
Why all this gladness flowing ?
Why yonder star is glowing ?
Because you, love, are near.

Karachi, 7th March 1908.

14. AT THE DAWN.

By the window I sat waiting
For the approach of the day.
I watched the stars fade one by one,
The darkness clear away.
I lifted my gaze to the sky
And saw the swallows passing by.

I knew another night was o'er
A weary, restless night.
I looked on, and lo! far away
The rays of sun gleamed bright.
And as its beams on me it cast,
I knew your love was mine at last!

Karachi, 4th June, 1909.

15. BE OF GOOD CHEER.

I know that your heart is sad, dear,
I know of your suffering too;
The end may not be so bad, dear,
In spite of all you have gone through.
Bear up your cross with a will,
Though life may seem vain.
All may appear dark, still
The sun will shine again.

Remember yours is not the only heart that's aching
Yours are not the only tears that fall,
Yours is not the only heart that's breaking,
There are others too, if you knew all.

The sunshine is fading away,
The clouds are slowly flitting by,
Your heart may be aching to-day,
Your bosom may heave a sigh.
But the dawn will come at last
When the clouds all are gone;
With smiles you will recall the past
When you are no longer forlorn.

Remember, yours is not the only heart that's aching,
Yours are not the only tears that fall,
Other hearts may be equally breaking,
But there's sunshine for them all.

Karachi, 2nd June, 1909.

16. THE CIGARETTE REVERIE.

As I sit gazing at you
And watch your eyes beaming true,
I call to mind the days gone by
And then turn my eyes to the sky.
I think of the day when first we met,
As I watched the smoke curling from your cigarette.

And when you smile so sweet,
Thinking of the day your beloved you'll meet.
Recalling the past to your mind anew,
How you both first began to woo.
But there is no absolute need to fret
When between those fingers you hold the cigarette.

'Tis useless to think, to worry and sigh,
Wishing the lingering day to fly,
'Tis useless to work yourself into a fit,
'Twill all come right bit by bit.
Remember my promise, when you ask me to get
You, from my cupboard, a cigarette.

When you sit by yourself in the twilight
And think the battle hard to fight,
When things look gloomy, the world so gray,
And your heart grows weary day by day,
Watch the smoke curling and your troubles forget,
Smiling sweetly as you puff your cigarette.

Think of the man who loves you,
Think how his heart beats true,
Though he may seem so far, far away,
Yet you'll meet, never to part some day.
Together you'll sit watching the sunset,
Care will have flown as he calls you his own cigarette.

Karachi, 16th June 1909.

17. A DREAM OF LOVE.

As I sit alone and ponder
Over my happy childhood days,
At times I begin to wonder,
Then my heart within me says :
" Why waste your years in sorrow,
Why live in doubt and fears ?
Your life may change on the morrow,
Then why shed useless tears ? "

Then I lift mine eyes to the sky
And gaze at the stars above ;
I seem to yearn, I know not why,
For thee alone, my love.
Then in my slumber I dream,
Thy sweet voice I seem to hear ;
Two eyes at me gleam
And I feel thy presence near.

Then I seem to listen to
Thy voice, bidding me hope on,
" There will be gladness for you
At the approach of dawn. "
I long for you alone, dear,
Then turn my gaze above,
I awake and know I've conquered fear,
And gained instead thy love.

Karachi, 5th September, 1909.

18. LOVE CONQUERS.

I LOOKED at the troubled waters,
I watched the billows beat,
I thought of my own grief
As the waves dashed at my feet.

I looked across the troubled years,
Then saw you smile so sweet.
With a sudden joyous pang
My heart began to beat.

I knew then my grief had ended,
As you raised your eyes above ;
I thought no more of the bitter past,
For now I had learnt to love.

Karachi, 5th September, 1909.

19. ARE YOU CONTENT ?

"MAN is never satisfied," they say,
He yearns for more from day to day,
The greed for gold will effect, 'tis known,
The poor as also the monarch on his throne.
Few are content with what they've got,
They covet things they have not.
Remember contentment from a little gift
A heap of precious joy will sift.

Content yourself with knowing
How many seeds you are sowing ;
Watch what is boiling in your pot,
Crave not for things which cannot be got.
Contentment makes feast of a fast.
Greed does not, cannot last.
Death will claim us all some day,
What we gather, we'll not take away.

Karachi, 16th June 1909.

20. MINE ALONE.

SOME shall bring thee roses
 Moist with the morning's dew,
 They'll lay these at thy feet,
 As a token of love for you.
 Some shall offer thee wealth,
 With jewels gladden thy heart,
 I've, alas! naught to offer
 Save a broken heart.

Some with tales of fame and glory
 Shall fill thy heart with pride ;
 Some with titled names
 Shall come to claim their bride.
 Though wealth be not mine, love,
 My heart beats only for you ;
 With sighs and with sorrows
 I wait, dear one, for you.

Karachi, 6th September, 1909.

21. LOVE'S PLEADING.

SAY not those words "Good-bye,"
 Must we forever part ?
 Why treat me with scorn, O why,
 Will you break my heart ?
 Must pride conquer, 'cause you see
 All hearts your captive, yours yet free ?
 Sweet fragrant roses some will bring.
 To crown your hair with bloom ;
 Love sonnets others will sing,
 When your heart is filled with gloom.
 But none will offer to you
 Love like mine, heart so true.

Some with tales of glory and fame
 Shall fill your heart with pride ;
 Others with titled names
 Will come to claim their bride.
 I can only offer a crown of love,
 Praying God may guard you from above.

Karachi, 7th September, 1909.

22. THE LAST GOOD-BYE.

Over the sea to a far off land
The good ship is ready to sail away;
A sailor lad stands waving his hand
To his dear mother, old and gray.
She watches his hopeful and smiling face,
And waves back with a sigh;
With tears she turns to leave the place
Then she listens as he says good-bye;

Weep not for I'll be home again,
Think of me while I'm away.
Let not this parting cause you pain,
I'll write from day to day.

Years have now passed away
But home never more came he;
Thouge sadder her looks day by day,
Hopeful and brave is she.
For days no letter from him came
To cheer her lonely heart.
Often she recalls his words with pain
As she sees each ship depart.

Weep not for I'll be home again,
Think of me while I'am away.
Let not this parting cause you pain
I'll write from day to day.

Karachi, 12th September, 1909.

23. POVERTY HAS NO CARE.

HE who knows not the worth of gold,
Is free from worry, void of care.
Others suffer miseries untold,
He has nothing to hope or fear.
He toils away from morn till night
Earning his honest bread;
Nations may quarrel, armies fight,
He tills his farm instead.

On his face is spread a broad grin,
 As he listens to the news,
 He cares not, for he cannot win,
 Nor has he aught he fears to lose.
 Poor is he, so he fears no fall,
 Void of wealth, void of pride;
 He, being humble, knows that he shall
 Have God alone for guide.

Karachi, 16th September, 1909.

24. BEFRIENDED.

My heart is sad,
 I know not why,
 All friends I had,
 Now pass me by.
 Yet once, life, I possessed
 All comforts wealth can give;
 Ah! had I only guessed,
 My life again I'd live.

Begone, dull care!
 I pray thee go,
 I feel no fear,
 I'd have thee know.
 I lived in idleness
 Whilst gold and land I had;
 Toil is sweet I confess,
 Nothing can make me sad.

Karachi, 16th September, 1909.

25. THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"WHAT is the secret of success?"
 I asked of each one that passed by,
 One alone gave the right answer,
 And this is how each did reply:—
 "Be up to date," said the Calendar,
 The Barrel said, "Never lose your head".
 "Take pains" said the window,
 The Pencil replied, "Never be led".
 "Push", with enthusiasm spoke the Button,
 "Always keep cool," put in the Ice.

"Be Punctual", said the Veteran Time,
 "Grip" most firmly expressed the strong Vice
 "Trust thy stars", spoke the sprightly Night.
 But the Knife quietly said "Be sharp"
 "Ring true" resounded the chiming Bell,
 "Be harmonious", sang out the Harp.
 "Reflect" spoke the shining Mirror,
 "Pull", sternly replied the Door-Bell,
 "Drive", forcibly spoke the Hammer,
 "Do no business on tick", the Clock did tell,
 "Turn to advantage all good points",
 The Compass said. "Impress", said the Seal,
 But sorrowfully I shook my head,
 The answer was not there, I did feel,
 "Persevere", the little Ant replied,
That's the secret! I could not disguise
 The truth in that proverb of old
 "Little things we must not despise."

Bombay, 25th September, 1913.

26. THY NAME.

I stood one dark and stormy night,
 Watching the waves beat high,
 I breathed Thy Name to the sky,
 Then the clouds parted, stars shone bright.
 I stood by the brook one sultry day,
 I was athirst, no water was there;
 I breathed Thy Name to the air,
 Then the water flowed right away,
 'Tis Thou alone, God, who will be
 Our guide, our hope, day by day,
 To Thee we give thanks and pray,
 Our Redeemer unto eternity.

Karachi, 13th June, 1910.

27. MY LOVE AND I.

TOGETHER we watched the dawn,
Together, my love and I,
The sun heralded the morn,
And lit up the sea and sky.
We loved and our hearts were glad,
The lark sang sweetly above,
Then no other thought I had,
While I stood beside my love.

Then came the hour of twilight,
A mist shaded the blue sky;
Darkness set in, stars shone bright,
My heart heaved a mournful sigh.
My love had gone far away,
Another man's bride to be;
But every hour, day by day,
She'll think, with regret, of me.

Karachi, 23rd June, 1910.

28. A FADED LEAF OF ROSE.

To a village not far away,
There came an aged man one day;
In his small room he lay dying,
I entered and heard him sighing.
I cast my glance around, all was bare,
A rug on the floor, and he lay there,
He was so weak, he could not stand,
I observed a rose-leaf in his hand.

"Tis years ago, sir," he said,
"Since my darling has been dead,
Where she is buried no one knows.
"Twas she who gave me this rose."

I've wandered far since she is gone,
 Through all these years her loss I mourn;
 Oft times have I crossed the blue sea,
 Thinking a change would comfort me.
 Alas! in vain; so here once more,
 I've returned to this home loved of yore,
 I'm dying; my home-coming is brief,
 Next to my heart place this rose-leaf."

"'Tis years ago, sir," he said,
 "Since my darling has been dead;
 Where she is buried no one knows,
 'Twas she who gave me this rose."

Karachi, 16th June, 1910.

29. TO MY LOVE.

THERE are flowers in their bloom,
 Giving forth fragrant perfume,
 But only one I prize.
 It lies faded in my book,
 Every time at it I look,
 It brings tears to my eyes.

There are many birds whose song,
 Makes sweet music all day long,
 To none my ears incline.
 There's one voice I love to hear,
 One true heart to me is dear,
 'Tis thine, love, only thine.

Karachi, 13th June, 1910.

30. WHAT CARE WE?

IF the rose upon its tree,
 Bends its head to you and me;
 If the perfume of its love
 Is wafted by winds from heav'n above;
 The world may talk, what care we?

If the heart with love beats true,
 And yearns, as mine does for you,
 If only your lips I kiss,
 If only ours be this raptured bliss,
 The world can talk, what care we?.

Karachi, 13th June, 1910.

31. BEWARE.

THE rose smells of fragrant perfume
 When 'tis plucked from the tree in its bloom.
 But in time it loses all its hue,
 So will the love that now burns in you.
 You've pledged your vows to many before,
 And you'll repeat them to many more.
 You say you love them, and they believe,
 You smile so sweet, but smile to deceive.

Like the wind rustles the pretty leaves,
 They bend in assent but it deceives.
 So when the lad smiles, pretty maid,
 He! your heart'll beguile, I'm afraid;
 Then take care! Beware!

The wine sparkles red in the cup,
 But as to your lips you lift it up,
 Little you know there's poison within,
 Little you guess your troubles begin,
 So when you see his eyes gleam with love,
 Like the many stars that shine above;
 When he whispers his vows in your ear,
 Believe not all he tells you, my dear.

Like the wine sparkles before the eye,
 So the youth vows he for you would die;
 But believe not in him, pretty maid,
 He's died for many before 'tis said.
 Then take care! Beware!

Karachi, 14th June, 1910.

32. LOVE UNTOLD.

AT dusk of twilight—'twas so cold,
The shade of night was falling fast;
I watched the sky turn into gold,
And the darkness came at last.
Then I thought of the days gone by,
As tear drops bedimmed my eyes;
My heart heaved a heavy sigh,
Yet none knew where my sorrow lies.

I loved one in those days of old,
He was so young, handsome and fair;
My love for him remained untold,
He knew not that it lingered there.
Now he's married and far away,
And he will never know that I,
Though now grown bent and old and gray,
Will love him dearly till I die.

Karachi, 22nd June, 1913.

33. SLEEP ROSES, SLEEP.

SLEEP roses, sleep through the night,
'Tis now the hour of rest
Roses red, roses white,
Of all flowers the best,
The stars keep watch o'er thee,
They shine so bright above;
Just one I'll take with me
To send it to my love.

The day dawns, roses awake,
The fragrant morning air
Wafts your slumbers to break;
See the blue sky is clear.
The sun is shining bright,
The dew falls from above;
The roses I sent last night
Bring back a message of love.

Karachi, 9th June, 1910.

34 MY THOUGHTS OF YOU.

THE sun is setting fast,
And night comes on at last ;
I watch the stars shine bright above.
I fix my gaze on high,
And wonder as I sigh.
If you but think of me, my love.

As I seek my repose,
My eyes refuse to close,
And all my thoughts go back to you.
E'en in my dreams I see
Your dear eyes look at me,
As you wave me a fond adieu.

Karachi, 11th June, 1910.

35 LOVE'S GIFT.

I STILL have the flowers you sent,
Roses, lilies and pansies too ;
They are all withered and dry,
But what if they have lost their hue !

They recall to my memory
Those happy, happy days gone by,
And though the flowers are faded,
I know our love shall never die.

Karachi, 22nd June, 1910.

36. LIFE'S YEARNING.

THERE may be bright stars in the sky,
There may be fair flowers here below ;
But none shines brighter than your eyes,
No flower fairer than you I know.

Of all gifts this earth holds, dear,
There's one my longing heart would own;
Of all the songs that I may hear,
There's one appeals to me alone.

My heart yearns for you, only you,
Above all gifts earth can bestow,
For I know, dear, your heart is true,
I know you love me, yes, I know.

Your voice alone I love to hear,
'Tis the sweetest song to me,
I long, I long to have you near,
Through all the lone years to be.

Karachi, 14th June, 1910.

37. LET ME BE THE WORLD TO YOU.

COULD I tell you all that I feel
When I think of you, mine own;
Could my heart its secrets reveal,
You would no longer be forlorn.
Were I to ask "Love with me abide",
Would you cast all your cares aside?

Then let me be the world to you,
Take me unto your heart;
Sing me your song so true,
No longer need we part.

If you knew my heart was sighing
With love's longing for you alone,
If you were told that I was dying,
Dying for your love, yours alone.
Were I thine through the years to be
Say, would it bring joy to thee?

REPEAT REFRAIN.

Karachi, 4th June, 1910.

38. LIFE'S RECOMPENSE.

WHEN our ends are drawing near,
'Tis then we recall with pain;
How swiftly flew year by year,
Ne'er more to return again.
We all think of our deeds anew,
And the thoughts do make us sad,
Life would've been smooth if we but knew,
We felt the cold as we were clad.

This life is but a bubble,
Here one dies and there one mourns,
'Tis made of joy and trouble,
Like the roses with their thorns.
'Tis not all sunshine, not all shade,
Be we ailing or in health,
Like a cobweb our lives are made,
And like it, it is swept by death.

Karachi, 13th September, 1910.

39. GOOD-BYE.

You bid me to leave thee,
You ask me to forget?
Though you may spurn me,
I shall love you yet.
Though we part for ever,
Ne'er to meet again,
I cannot forget you—ah, never!
Though I love in vain.

Where e'er you may be,
I shall know no other love,
Though your face ne'er more I see,
I'll claim you in heav'n above.
Farewell, dear heart, 'tis better so,
We must part—you and I,
I would not have you stay, but go,
Adieu, adieu, beloved, good-bye!

Karachi, 28th February, 1910.

40. STAR OF LOVE.

I stood alone one dark night,
There, in my garden, love,
A single star was shining bright,
As I looked up above.

'Twas my star of hope, dear,
I was sad and forlorn;
'Twas then my heart grew light, dear,
As I stood there alone.

See that star shines anew,
Yonder in the sky above,
As I offer this rose to you,
In token of my love.

Karachi, 15th June, 1910.

41. LOVE ME TO-DAY.

Love me to-day;
There is no better hour than this
To-morrow our hearts may sorrow,
Let's live in to-day's raptured bliss.

Love me to-day;
See the morn is so bright and fair;
To-morrow may not pass our way,
Time cannot wait to heed our prayer.

Karachi, 22nd June, 1910.

42. TO MEMORY DEAR.

As I sit alone in the twilight
And watch the clouds pass by;
When softly steals the shade of night
And clear turns the sky.
When I hear the nightingale's song,
I lift mine eyes above,
And think all the night long
Of you alone, my love.

Then I watch the break of dawn,
The roses moist with dew,
Those we used to look upon,
When we were together—I and you.
No path that once we knew,
No place that I pass and see,
That does not remind me of you,
Bringing thoughts dear to memory.

Karachi, 23rd June, 1910.

43. LOST LOVE.

WATCH the cloud over yonder,
See how dark it grows,
In awe I gaze and wonder ;
No star in brightness glows.
No hand I feel, no sound I hear,
The swallows have homeward fled.
No object I see far or near,
All is silent as the dead.

Ah ! what sound is that I here ?
No 'tis but the roar of wind,
Bah ! why should I the storm fear,
Why the darkness mind ?
I care not what may befall,
All hopes have now fled,
Ah ! could I my love recall :
Alas ! she is lost, she is dead.

Karachi, 7th March, 1908.

44. CAN I FORGET?

You say I care not for thee,
I've forgotten thee for ever ?
While the fire of love burns in me,
Can I forget ? No, never !
If to sit and think all day long
And pray to heaven above,
To let me once again hear your song,
Is forgetting, then I've forgotten, my love.

You say I do no longer love thee,
I've cast thee away for ever ?
When night and day I long for thee,
Can I forget ? No, never !
If the wild wish to see thee once again
And press thee to my heart,
Can mean forgetting, and bring no pain,
Then 'tis better that we should part.

Karachi, 13th June, 1910.

45. IN MY GARDEN.

I stood in my garden as the twilight hour drew nigh,
I watched the fragrant roses in their bloom.
My heart was sad, I know not why,
All around seemed filled with gloom.

I stood and watched the moon gaze at me from above
As I lifted my eyes to the sky
I heard the nightingale sing its song of love,
No longer sad of heart was I.

Then I came to my garden again at dawn,
I plucked a white rose moist with dew,
No longer I sighed, all doubts were gone ;
I felt my heart beating with love for you.

Karachi, 13th June, 1910.

46. HOW CAN I FORGET ?

Though for years we parted be,
Though my heart be filled with regret,
Yet your love is so dear to me,
How can I ever forget ?

Thy voice I heard in the long ago,
That sweet voice rings in my ears yet.
Can I forget the parting kiss ? ah ! no,
How can I ever forget ?

When last I looked into your brown eyes,
Those eyes with tears were wet ;
'Twas at parting, when we had said good-bye,
How can I ever forget ?

Karachi, 18th June, 1910.

47. IN THE WOOD.

I stood beneath a tree tall and shady,
Thinking what the morrow would bring ;
A bird was singing to his lady ;
" Ah ! love is born in spring."
Then my heart yearned within me
As I looked up at the songster above,
" Tell me little bird I pray thee,
O tell me where is my love?"

Then the stars gleamed forth bright;
Wearied I lay down where I stood,
And slumbered through the night
All alone in the wood.
In my dream I saw my love,
Then I awoke to find the dawn;
I knelt and pray'd to heav'n above
To take me where she had gone.

Karachi, 18th June, 1910.

48. COME BACK AGAIN.

You say that you care not for me
Yet once you said you would be true,
Cast me not away from thee,
Could you but know how I love you.
Come back to me and once again
Renew the vows you made of yore;
Say not that I plead in vain,
Come to me, O ! come back once more:

Come back to me no more to part,
Love me again, let me be yours;
For you alone beats this heart,
All things may pass but love endures.

Karachi, 22nd June, 1910.

49. I THANK THEE, LORD.

In my solitary hours of gloom
I sit in my garden fair,
Watching the roses in their bloom,
That nature had planted there.
I think of the beauties of this earth,
Through all my grief and strife;
To Thee, O Lord, who gave them birth,
I give thanks for Life.

I watch the swallows homeward fly
As the darkness sets in;
Then I gaze at the stars on high
And know beyond lies heaven.
I knelt to pray to Thee above,
I felt the need for prayer;
This life is fleeting, O God of Love;
But heav'n itself is fair.

Karachi, 20th September, 1910.

50. REGRET.

THE sun was setting in the west,
The shade of eve was falling fast;
The swallows had gone to their rest
The wind blew a cold, cold blast.
My heart was sad and lonely,
I thought of one far, far away,
Oh! if I could have only
Bid him but to stay!

'Twas but a short year ago
He called to bid me adieu ;
The ground was white with snow
Daylight was fading too.
He whispered words of love to me,
But I treated his plea with scorn,
For mists of pride forbid me to see
And treasure the love of the lowly born.

Karachi, 20th September, 1910.

51. LOVE'S DREAM.

WEARIED, I lay in my bed
And slumbered through the night ;
In my dreams I saw you by me.
Your hand in mine held tight.

I dreamed I heard you speak
The same loving words as before,
Then you bent and kissed me
The same warm kiss of yore.

I saw your eyes look at me,
Then I pressed you to my heart ;
You whispered sweet words of love
And vowed we no more would part.

I dream'd I kissed you in return
And awoke to find the dawn
Stealing softly through the windows,
And alas ! my vision was gone.

52. ONLY ONE.

At night many thousand stars are above,
At day there's only the sun.
So, many will pledge thee their love,
But among these there be none.
Who will love thee as I do,
Who will gladly die for you.

There may be many who will offer you,
Wealth and all that it can buy ;
But these, like flow'rs of varied hue,
When plucked, will wither and die.
Love is all I can bestow,
Ah ! must you needs bid me go ?

Karachi, 13th June, 1910.

53. LOVES' SORROW.

BEHOLD this rose now withered and dry,
Yet it once was in its bloom ;
To think that such a flower could die,
And lose its fragrant perfume.

'Twas given me in the long ago,
By one whom I hoped to wed ;
But, alas ! have pity on my woe !
For she also is now dead.

Let me weep, for comforting are tears
To a heart burdened with grief ;
Now that she is dead all these long years,
Death to me would give relief.

Karachi, 15th June, 1910.

54. MY DOLL.

I ONCE had a doll that I loved so well,
With golden hair charmingly curled,
I carried her through wood and dell,
The prettiest doll in the world.
Her cheeks were so rosy, her eyes so blue,
Her figure so graceful and tall ;
I loved her with love that was deep and true,
For she was my all in all.

But I have discovered a thing or two,
 Since then I have older grown ;
 I know there are eyes of brighter blue,
 That I love to look in my own ;
 Those eyes whisper words of love to me,
 Her cheeks blush a rosier hue,
 Her face is the face I love to see,
 Her heart's mine and she is you.

Karachi, 14th June, 1910.

55. LOVE'S LAST WORD.

O SWALLOWS that homeward fly,
 When the twilight hour is nigh ;
 O sun that sets in the west,
 When day is done and thou must rest ;
 Go ! seek my love for me and say,
 I love her still, though she went away.

O lovely moon when thou art gone
 At the early hour of dawn ;
 O stars that shine above so bright,
 When one by one you fade to-night ;
 Go, say my days on earth are past
 But I have loved her to the last.

Karachi, 20th June, 1910.

56. CHANSON DE L'ADIEU.

FAREWELL ! the dawn is breaking ;
 You will soon from slumber rise,
 But you never will surmise,
 I watched you, when you were waking.

Farewell ! the twilight hour is nigh,
 Soon the bright star one by one,
 Will come to say night's begun,
 But far, far away will be I.

Farewell ! years have flitted by
Since I first uttered that word——
Which by you was never heard——
Now 'tis an eternal good-bye.

Karachi, 22nd June, 1910.

57. IF YOU BUT KNEW.

If you but knew how my heart
Beats for you alone ;
Say would you bid me depart ?
Would you spurn me, mine own ?
I care not for aught but you ;
I shall dare the storm and wind,
If you'd be to me true,
If you'd deign to be kind.

I sigh for you alone, dear,
Ah ! will you not come ?
I want but your voice to hear,
Will you ever remain dumb ?
What care I, though wealth have I,
That you, dear, are humbly born !
Yet I cannot tell why
You treat my suit with scorn.

If you heard I was dying,
Would you stay away ?
When you know my heart's sighing
For you alone night and day ?
Could you see me suffer so,
Yet decline a hand to save :
I wonder if you'd go
To see me laid in my grave ?

Karachi, 17th September, 1909.

58. THE ROSE'S MESSAGE.

Go, lovely rose, seek my love and say :
How I think, when alone,
Of her since she has gone,
And hope she'd come back to me some day.

Go, as swiftly as the sparrow flies,
You can tell her from me,
There's no star that I see,
Above, glitters brighter than her eyes.

And when on her fair bosom you rest,
Perhaps you'll hear her sigh
You may tell her that I
Long, where you lie, to have my head pressed.

Watch her when she turns her gaze above,
Just whisper in her ear :
I said to have no fear,
'Tis her, and only her, that I love.

Karachi, 17th September, 1909.

59. WHAT IS LOVE ?

LOVE goes knocking at every door,
Once it enters, it leaves no more.
It will capture both young and old,
And warm hearts that once were cold.
Like a rose it blooms in each heart,
Like it, 'twill wither and depart.

Love is luring and deceiving,
Misleading those who're believing.
Inspires joy or woe to the mind,
It captivates and you are blind !
Changing, fleeting, yet immortal,
'Tis a never closing portal.

Karachi, 19th June, 1910.

60. ONLY A ROSE.

I HOLD in my hand but a rose,
How withered and dried it is ;
Beside the bank where ebb-tide flows
We sealed our vows with just one kiss.
In farewell token this flow'r you gave
When I was sailing to a far off land ;
Now, as I stand beside your grave,
With this wither'd rose in my hand :—

I feel my heart is breaking ;
I recall with tears in my eye
The day my leave I was taking,
Little I dreamt 'twould mean good bye !

Whene'er I lay my head in repose,
My thoughts are ever of you,
Nearest my heart I keep that rose,
And so shall I ever do.
In my dreams I see you again,
And hear your sweet voice anew.
Then I awake, and recall with pain
Of the day we had said adieu.

I feel my heart is breaking,
As I leave the dear spot with pain,
When of earth my leave I'm taking,
Then I'll meet you in heav'n again.

Karachi, 17th September, 1909.

61. MY ONE DESIRE.

THE twilight hour is drawing nigh,
Soon the swallows will homeward fly,
The shade of night is falling fast,
See the dark clouds gather overhead,
All is now silent as the dead,
The lightnings flash at last !

What though the storm rage ! I've no fear,
I care not though death be near,
Since they've laid my love in her grave.
And when my soul shall flit away
My body beside her lay,
This is all the boon I crave.

Karachi, 12th June, 1910.

62 ALL FOR YOU.

Do you hear the music stealing,
All the children's laughter pealing ?
'Tis for you, only you.
Do you hear those chime bells ringing,
Do you hear the song-birds singing ?
'Tis in welcome for you.

Love is waiting in life's morning,
All night's fear and sorrow scorning,
Ah, if you only knew!
As the hours are swiftly fleeting,
So my heart is also beating,
With love, dear one, for you.

Karachi, 7th March, 1908.

63 HOPE'S WHISPERING.

WHERE'S the brightness of the dawn ?
Hushed are the songs of the bird;
Where is that youthful laughter ?
Every morning it was heard.
The sun for me no more shines,
Dark clouds hover in the sky,
I hear no sound around me,
No living soul is nigh.

All is now darkness and gloom,
Oh how long will it all last !
All things I loved and cherished
Are now for ever past.
Yet I hear a voice whisper
" Do not despair, but hope on,
All sorrows shall flit away
At the approach of dawn!"

Karachi, 3rd August, 1908.

64 REMEMBRANCE.

EACH night I sought my rest,
I dreamt only of you;
I seemed to see your face divine,
I seemed to hear your voice anew.
Each morn when I awoke,
I heard the song of the lark;
It reminded me of that morn
When together we roamed the park.

' Tis but a short year ago
Since we said good-bye;
And yet the time seems to me long
Since we parted—you and I.
' Twas by the sea we met,
And there renewed each vow;
We stand together once again,
Nothing shall ever part us now!

Karachi, 4th August, 1908.

65 LOVE'S DESIRE.

Do NOT leave me and bid me forget,
Though the world scorn thee, I love thee yet ;
What though thou art poor—of humble sphere ?
' Twill not alter my love for thee, dear.

As I stand holding thy hand in mine,
 As I listen to thy song divine,
 I feel I'd not barter thy love, my own,
 For the world's wealth or a monarch's throne.

I dared the storm and the tempest's might,
 To gain one glance from thine eyes, so bright;
 Bid me stay, say thou lovest me, do!
 "Cause for thee alone my heart beats true.

Karachi, 4th August 1908.

66. LOVE WILL ENDURE.

DARK clouds may gather above,
 The storm in its fury rage,
 The thunder re-echo, love,
 At every stage.
 So long your heart is mine, dear,
 None your love shall lure;
 While you love me, I've no fear,
 Our love shall endure.

Things are never the same, love,
 Changes shall ever take place;
 This life is but a game, love,
 As we go apace.
 Things may appear bright to-day,
 Illness may kill or cure,
 But this I know, come what may,
 Love shall ever endure.

Karachi, 4th August 1908.

67. BEYOND.

LIFT up thine eyes
 To yonder skies,
 Say, what dost thou see?
 The bright sunshine
 Aught else behind?
 Beyond is mystery.

LIFT up thine eyes
 Look into mine,
 Say, wouldst thou seek
 My love untold,
 My heart does hold,
 And lips refuse to speak?

Karachi, 5th August, 1908.

68. YOU ALONE.

GIVE me your heart so true,
Lay your dear hands in mine ;
Say that you love me, do !
Let me be ever thine.
For wealth I have no desire
You are all in all to me ;
No other face I admire,
Yours alone I love to see.

Look into mine eyes, dear,
Read my heart's secret there ;
I'm happy with you near,
For nothing else I care.
Dark's the hour with you away,
Life is so dull and forlorn ;
I think of you night and day,
When thus I am left alone.

Karachi, 7th August, 1908.

69. REMEMBER.

REMEMBER, when sorrows bring thee pain
And cause thee to sigh and weep,
That there are others again
Whose troubles are still more deep.
And when thou art poor in gems of earth
And dost feel the want of gold,
Remember thou'rt rich in perfect worth
In spite of mis'ries untold.

Remember, when thou art far away
And thy heart from care is free,
There are those who day by day
Live in want and misery.
When on my bed of flowers in my best
I am laid in dreamless sleep,
Remember my tired limbs are at rest.
And grieve not for me nor weep.

And when thy sorrows shall flit away,
 May thy future happy be ;
 When thy heart is light and gay
 Just let thy thoughts rest on me,
 And when grim death shall cause thee to fear
 Before its very portal,
 Give not way to grief nor shed a tear,
 Remember thou'rt immortal.

Karachi, 5th June, 1909

70. STILL REMEMBERED.

IN my garden I planted a rose,
 Tended it with longing care ;
 Its sweet fragrance everywhere it throws,—
 'Tis the loveliest flower there.

A deep wound is planted in my heart,
 It lies hidden to the eye ;
 'Twas planted there by Cupid's sharp dart,
 So long ago,—now 'tis dry.

Now my garden has untended been,
 You were the rose that bloomed there.
 The wound, that no eyes have seen,
 Is the love for you that I still bear.

Karachi, 17th September, 1909.

71. MY STAR.

I.

STANDING alone in my garden fair
 Lifting mine eyes above,
 Lo ! a solitary star shines there
 I wonder if you long for love.

My heart is heavy and sad to-night,
The roses are moist with dew,
Lone star that shines so bright
Would that I were with you !

II.

Little star ! thou art fading fast
And the dawn is nearing too !
One longing look at thee I cast
Ere thou fadest from my view.

Thou'rt gone, another comes merrily,
It is the bright star of morn ;
And I know Love too will come to me,
Come with the radiant dawn.

Karachi, 17th September, 1909.

72. IN THE DEAR LONG AGO.

I HEARD a voice calling from afar,
A voice I knew so well ;
Above shone brightly gleaming a star,
As that voice on my ears fell.
'Twas the voice of one so dear,
I loved in the long ago ;
Oh ! that I could have her near,
My heart with passion would glow !

I have a white rose withered and dry,
A rose I prize so dear ;
'Twas given me long ago, as I
Felt her hand tremble with fear.
I was sailing to a far off land,
To fight for Country and King ;
In her own she held my hand
And on my finger slipped a ring.

I heard a song not so long ago,
 One she sang to me alone ;
 From my eyes the tears began to flow,
 For now she's for ever gone.
 Alas ! she died while I was away,
 They laid her in her grave,
 And as I stood where she lay,
 My eyes fell on the ring she gave.

Karachi, 17th September, 1909.

73. NOT MINE TO ASK.

'Twas long years ago when first we met,
 And I looked into your eyes divine.
 I loved you, alas ! too well, and yet,
 I could not so much as call you mine.

Then I longed to press your hand in mine,
 I longed to hear your sweet voice again.
 Though ever for you my heart would pine,
 But to declare my love would be vain.

You'll never know you were dear to me,
 Though you, love, I can never forget.
 Your love is not mine—it cannot be,
 For your heart on another is set.

Karachi, 18th September, 1909.

74. MEMORIES.

As I sit alone at the twilight hour,
 After my hard day's work is o'er ;
 Holding in my hand a wither'd flower,—
 A flower that will bloom no more.
 I recall all those happy days gone by,
 Ah ! those were days of hopes and fears.
 I think of our love that can never die,
 Through all those solitary years.

Yea all the sweet thoughts of those happy years
 Memory brings back from the past ;
 The love, that can never be quenched with tears,
 Will burn in my heart to the last.
 If thy slumber and rest my love can bless,
 Then may blessed thy slumbers be !
 And when my day is ended here, I guess
 Thy love shall lead me on to thee.

Karachi, 19th September, 1909.

75. JUST ONCE AGAIN.

Ah, love ! I am so lonely,
 Since you are gone away ;
 I long for you, you only,
 Will you not come back to stay ?
 I feel my heart beating,
 Must it beat in vain ?
 The breath of life is fleeting.
 Come to me just once again ;

'Tis only a year ago
 We parted—you and I ;
 I daren't hope to see you now
 So 'tis, alas ! good-bye.
 I know the fault was mine,
 Be mine alone the pain,
 Yet words fail to define,
 How I long for you again.

To ask you to forget the past,
 To plead my love anew ;
 Now, as life is ebbing fast,
 To bid you a last adieu !
 But though in my grave I lie,
 This hope shall my soul sustain ;
 'Tis but a short good-bye,
 We'll meet in heaven again.

Karachi, 22nd September, 1909.

76. SLUMBER SONG.

SLEEP, baby, sleep,
 The stars shine bright above,
 Whispering words of love,
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
 The flowers in their bloom
 Give forth their sweet perfume,
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep,
 God sent his angels, dear,
 To watch thee and be near,
 Sleep, baby, sleep.

Karachi, 13th June, 1910.

77. LAST NIGHT.

LAST night I heard the nightingale's song,
 It sang to me of you, my love.
 My heart for you alone did long,
 As I gazed at the stars above.

I stood at my window deep in thought,
 I felt the wind on my face blow:
 A message of love it did waft;
 'Twas a message, love, from you.

Karachi, 13th June, 1910

78. MY SECRET.

WITHIN my heart a secret I hold,
 A secret that must remain untold;
 It burns in my bosom, causing pain,
 To ask thee to share it would be vain.
 When thou art gone, I just sit and sigh,
 I whisper my secret to the sky.
 The stars seem to shine brighter above,
 My heart throbs faster for thee, my love.

Now as I hold thy dear hand in mine,
And gaze into those blue eyes divine,
Pressing thy form closer to my heart,
I whisper how dear to me thou art.
As I press those lips my soul loves best,
I know that thou hast my secret guessed.
Again I gaze at thine eyes of blue,
I know then that thou lovest me too.

Karachi, 14th June, 1910.

79. LOVE'S WITNESS.

It was the hour of twilight,
The sunshine was fading fast,
One by one stars shone bright,
And darkness came on at last.

Two lovers strode down the vale,
Whispering sweet words of love ;
They both heard the nightingale
Singing to them above.

Her face lit up like the rose,
As the nightingale she heard ;
He kissed her, holding her close,
And away flew the song bird.

He took her hand in his own
As they cast their eyes above,
Wond'ring where the bird had flown
Who was witness of their love.

Karachi, 18th June 1910.

80. LOVE'S REWARD.

ONLY a rose, how withered thou art,
But thy sweet perfume clings to my heart ;
When at times I look at thee,
Sweet thoughts it recalls to memory.

'Tis but a flower, to me so dear,
 Recalling to me her face so fair,
 She gave it at parting with a sigh,
 As I kissed her a tender good-bye.

Only a letter just come by post,
 But its sweet fragrance is not yet lost ;
 Written to me from across the sea,
 Oh ! what joy the simple words have for me.

" Love, I am lonely, come back to me,
 No longer must we parted be."
 Ah ! how in mem'ry I recall her face,
 As in my bosom the letter I place.

Now we stand together side by side,
 (No more to part for she is my bride)
 In that same old garden as of yore,
 I feel my heart throbs, e'en as before.

Only a memory, it lingers and goes,
 From yonder tree she plucked the white rose,
 But I love it, though withered it be,
 Recalling back loving thoughts to me.

Karachi, 14th June, 1910.

81. AWAKE, ARISE!

AWAKE, arise ! dawn is here,
 Softly falls the morning dew ;
 Behold me, love, standing near,
 Waiting and watching o'er you.

Awake, arise ! watch the roses,
 Full of bloom and of varied hue.
 My heart beats whilst yours reposes,
 Beats, love, for you, only you !

Awake, arise ! see the sunshine !
 Take, O take me unto your heart !
 Kiss me, dear, and call me thine,
 No more, no more, shall we part.

Karachi, 22nd June, 1910.

82. LOVE AND DUTY.

Two lovers stood together side by side,
At the railway station one night ;
He was a soldier of the King,
Going at duty's call, to fight.
She loved him dearly, and he
Loved her tenderly in return;
"But above all things," he sighed,
"Duty must be done"

"Weep not, dear heart, for me,
For I shall soon return.
Though it breaks my heart to go away,
Yet duty must be done."

The battle o'er, the victory won,
The troops were returning home again ;
She stood midst the crowd watching
At the station for him in vain.
He had done his duty, alas !
And like a soldier he died ;
He will not return to the girl,
He hoped to make his bride.

"Weep not, dear heart, for me,"
She seemed to hear him say ;
"For my King and Country I have died,
But in heav'n we'll meet one day."

Karachi, 22nd June, 1910

83 DEARER THAN ALL.

Ah ! if you knew how my heart
Yearns, dear, just for you;
When for a while we part,
What all I go through.
As the sun shines in the day
To give life to plant and flow'r,
So, when you with me stay,
You charm my every hour.

The soldier on the battle-field
 Fights for glory and renown;
 The king to none doth yield
 His sceptre and his crown.
 No glory or renown I crave,
 No kingdom I possess;
 But the love that you gave
 I value none the less.

Many stars are in the sky,
 But none are so pure;
 The flowers may fade and die
 But our love shall endure.
 Dear to the miser is gold
 And to the king his throne;
 But nothing this earth may hold
 Is dearer than the love I own.

Karachi, 22nd June, 1910.

84. SING ME TO REST.

Sing me to rest, my heart is weary,
 Life seems so dull and dreamy.
 The night is dark, the wind so cold,
 Yet when your hand in mine I hold—

My heart is warmed with love for you,
 I know your love for me is true.
 I know that God our love has blest;
 Sing me to rest, love, sing me to rest.

Sing me to rest, I feel forlorn,
 My heart within is anguish torn;
 When it beats with pain and sadness,
 I turn to see your eyes with gladness.

My heart is warmed with love for you,
 I know your love for me is true.
 I know that God our love has blest;
 Sing me to rest, love, sing me to rest.

Karachi, 23rd June, 1910.

85. LOVE'S REPROACH.

FATE decrees that we must be
Parted, dear love, for ever ;
Though thy face no more I see ;
'Tis your wish we should sever ;
Yet there'll come a time some day
When you are sad and alone,
When I am far, far away,
You will your folly atone.

God has willed it should be so
And perhaps 'tis for the best ;
Years may come and years may go,
Till we pass into our rest ;
You'll wish you lived your life anew,
When sorrow shall cause you pain,
You'll recall all I told you,
And wish I was back again,

'Tis not for a year, nor a day,
'Tis for ever that we part ;
Should you love another some day,
Play not falsely with his heart.
God may not be so kind again,
A dear friend may not be nigh,
Tears and regrets would be vain
Remember this—now good-bye !

Karachi, 3rd July, 1910.

86. BID ME BUT STAY.

How canst thou be cold and treat me so ?
Dost thou not know I love none but thee ?
How canst thou spurn me and bid me go ?
Is it that thou canst not care for me ?

Could I but hold thee and call thee mine,
Then life-to me would indeed be bliss !
Could I but press those sweet lips of thine
In one long, passionate, loving kiss !

Thou bid'st me forget! Oh! how can I?
 What futile words, empty, vain request!
 Beside thee I must stay though I die,
 Though thou'lt plant the dagger to my breast.

I've thought of thee by day; in my dream
 Mine eyes have only sought for thy face.
 Thou canst not know—or so it would seem—
 That none else can ever fill thy place.

Dearest one, behold me at thy feet,
 Bid me but stay:—ah, I cannot go!
 For once thou didst love me, my sweet,
 Canst thy cruel heart no pity know?

Though thou bid me to see thee no more,
 Though lands and seas divide us apart;
 I shall love thee dearer than before;
 Bid me but stay, do not break my heart!

Calcutta, 23rd September, 1911.

87. THE WAITING.

YEARS have I waited to meet a maid
 On whom my whole heart I could bestow;
 One who could return my love
 With love no woman for man did show.

Ah! could I but find this rare treasure!
 My heart hungers for love such as this;
 My eyes have searched ev'rywhere,
 My lips now burn for her loving kiss.

Oh, could I but link my life with her
 That life I'd devote to her alone.
 Could I press her form to mine,
 All my sorrows and cares will have flown.

Say, does there dwell on this God's earth,
 A being so true and so divine?
 If so, I shall find her, then
 Ask her to be mine, only mine!

Calcutta, 23rd September, 1911.

88. LOVE'S RESPONSE.

AH ! fair one, I love but thee.
Yet I dare not claim thee mine ;
Though all my thoughts shall e'er be
Of thee, my angel divine.

Another claims thee, well he may
And that other is my friend ;
My lips shall not to thee say
Words, that that friend may offend.

Thou lovest him, is it not so ?
Then how canst thou love me too ?
Ah ! could I but only know.
That all thou sayst is true.

No friend have I, tried and true,
My happiness have all flown,
Though I'm free to love and woo
Yet I must live my life alone.

Ah, could you but know my past !
Oh, that I could wipe it out !
But 'twill live, unto the last,
And ever follow me about.

If thou canst but care for me,
If thy words of love are true,
Ah ! then life would indeed be
Worth living, dear heart, for you.

'Tis no words of sentiment,
No idle thoughts I convey ;
Thy image in my heart is pent,
As thou'lt come to know some day.

I can yet scarce believe
That all thou dost say is true,
" Love smiles but to deceive ",
I hope is not the case with you.

Reproach me not for doubting you,
 If you but knew my past, then
 You'd understand why I do
 Utter the words here I pen.

Bouy not with false hope my heart,
 If thou dost not care for me,
 Then 'tis better that we should part
 And forever strangers be.

I did not leave thee, dear one,
 'Thou hast not called me to thee,
 If to my arms thee I've won
 'Then come, O come, to me !

Calcutta, 27th September, 1911.

89. LOVE'S CONFESSION.

AMONG the roads of life we pass,
 Each day is fraught with joy or pain ;
 Our ways may lie apart, alas !
 But sorrowing or sighing is vain.
 Nothing this earth for me holds dear,
 Nothing that I love so well,
 As thee, my darling, that is dear,
 But my lips my love shall never tell.

Years will pass, years of pain for me,
 But thy life will smoothly glide.
 Yet though I be far away from thee
 My love shall linger, whate'er betide.
 Another shall press those lips of thine,
 Another shall hold thee in his embrace ;
 I'll go on loving, though I may not claim thee mine,
 Though ne'er again I see thy face.

Fate has decreed it should be so,
 Yet fate is cruel to me, sweetheart,
 It has dealt me a severe blow
 Alas ! Alas ! that we should part.
 My life is chained to one who
 Played me false and left me to pine ;
 Yet my heart is free to love and woo,
 Though I may not claim thee mine.

94 LOVE UNTOLD.

WHAT though I perish at night
And my body turn cold as clay ?
What though I ne'er may see the light
And the dawn of another day ?
I have fought in the battle of life,
But I have lost its gracious boon,
And so I retire from the strife,
And long for death to come soon.

Friendless and forlorn have I been,
All I loved are lost to me,
None o'er my heart had reigned queen,
But one there was to be.
'Tis good to think, though I repine,
And grow wearied day by day,
Thou canst not guess my heart is thine,
Till my soul has passed away.

Wife, relatives, friends all,
Towards me did badly behave;
When my face shall turn to the wall,
And they have laid me in my grave,
Grieve not for me when I am gone,
Thou canst not have cared for me?
My love for thee was never known,
To any, nay not e'en to thee.

Calcutta, 11th October, 1911.

95 COULD I RECALL.

I stand at my window each night
And turn my gaze up above,
I see one star gleaming bright
And I think of thee, my love.
I think of the days gone by,
'Tis far, far beyond recall,
I seem to feel thy presence nigh,
I seem to hear thy sweet voice call.

At last once more the clouds rolled away
 And stars gleamed bright in the sky !
 I knew soon shall dawn the day
 As I lifted my gaze on high.

Hope stirred anew at sight of dawn
 And calmer my spirit grew,
 My heart was cheered, sorrow had flown,
 As all my thoughts flew back to you !

Calcutta, 10th October, 1911.

92 IF.

IF ALL this world was mine, dear,
 I'd give it all to thee,
 Just to have thee always near,
 And press thy form to me.

If the wealth of kings were mine,
 I'd lay it at thy feet,
 Just to know that heart of thine
 Beats only for me, my sweet.

If the crown was mine to bestow,
 I would make thee my queen,
 That crown I'd place on thy brow,
 Just to see thy smile serene.

But I 've naught, alas ! save my heart
 Which is free to love and woo,
 Oh ! do not bid me depart,
 But let me stay by you.

Calcutta, 10th October, 1911.

93. NEMESIS.

THE deeds that we may do
 Whether good or evil they be,
 Return to us again to give
 Our rewards, you see.
 Some get praise, others curse;
 Each doth bide his time,
 Life for the good, death for the evil,
 So ' twill ever be in every clime.

Calcutta, 11th October, 1911.

Come, come, come once again,
 Smile on me as of yore,
 But I know 'tis all in vain.
 For thy face I shall see no more.

I watch the roses fade away,
 As I walk in my garden alone,
 They have remained untended since the day
 You left me your loss to mourn.
 In life too little I loved thee,
 I think of it now with shame,
 In death thou art dearer to me,
 And in mem'ry I treasure thy name.

Speak, speak, speak once again,
 As in those days of yore,
 But I know I plead in vain,
 For I shall hear thy voice no more.

Calcutta, 14th October, 1911.

96. LOVE'S MUSING.

FROM lethargy to fever of heart,
 One more clasp and thus do we part.
 So 'twill ever be till world ends,
 We meet as strangers, part as friends.
 Friends? ah, no! 'tis something more,
 This wounded heart still feels sore.

But why must I to you unfold
 The secrets that must remain untold?
 Yet oft times I pass your place
 Just to catch a glimpse of your face.
 I pass again and again,
 Yet I look—I seek—in vain.

From dawn till eve I think of you,
 And in my dreams I see you too.
 " 'Tis a chequered board of nights and days,
 When Destiny with men for pieces plays,
 Hither and thither moves, mates and slays,
 And one by one back in the closet lays."

E'en thus has Love's hand shut the door,
 And left me forlorn ever more.
 Alas ! how feebly can the best discern,
 How one heart for another does yearn,
 Cupid had never aimed at my heart,
 But for once he has buried deep his dart.

But why to you must I make my plea?
 When I know your love is not for me.
 Love ? Ah ! can you ever realise
 Its true worth and inestimable price ?
 Though in your heart I find not a place
 Your image naught from my heart shall efface.

Is it a crime to love as I do ?
 'Tis sweet to love though I may not woo :
 " Heart rendering sorrow, love's awakening kiss,
 These teach us most what living really is.
 The heart gives fuller wisdom than the brain
 And Reason learns of Passion and Pain. "

Calcutta, 23rd November, 1911.

97. LIFE'S SUFFERINGS.

WHAT was my sin, my awful crime ?
 Why should I suffer as I do ?
 Why should my fate time after time
 Cross my life with mis'ry and woe ?

Is it because I've always been
 So willing, so trustful, so kind ?
 Alas ! could I have but foreseen
 Why, O why, was I so blind !

But say, can nature ever be
 Overruled by the acts of men ?
 Can any cross our destiny
 By voice, by gesture or by pen ?

Canst thou change the colour of skies ?
 Canst thou set all thy fetters free ?
 'Self first' is a gospe. of lies
 That ne'er was preached by God's decree.

'Tis hard to suffer as I do
 When I have done no serious wrong ;
 Yet in the past—I'd have you know,
 Life seemed to me as a song !

* * * *

But the music grows fainter—it dies !
 And thus must my life fade and fail ;—
 But stay ! all my tears and my sighs
 Are swift gone. I awake and hail
 Kindred spirits. Gladness ! The veil
 Is lifted at last, the soul *knows*
 God's logic and my human woes
 Are explained. Now, my soul, arise
 Content. Behold the spirit flies !

Calcutta, 12th December, 1911.

98. THE PARTING.

"THE best of friends must part" they say,
 Nearer and nearer draws our parting day.
 Hope seems dead, our friendship must sever
 As strangers we met, as friends we part for ever.

Would that we had dearer grown,
 That I could call you my very own !
 Accursed Fate ! what can I do ?
 I love you—ah ! how dearly, but cannot woo.

But though thus we part, to meet no more,
 In memory your name I shall ever store,
 Stay by you ? alas ! I cannot, hope must die,
 Our paths are divided, I must say good-bye.

If I had aught to give you, dear heart,
 I'd lay it at your feet, ere we part,
 But you know I have naught to bestow,
 Save good wishes, which I freely give, ere I go.

You can never know how I loved you,
 How each day dearer to me you grew,
 Some other shall claim you for his own,
 While in sorrow I repine, unbefriended, alone.

Calcutta, 6th February, 1912

99. LIFE'S GAME.

THIS life is but a game of cards,
 Which mortals have to learn,
 We all take a hand in the game,
 But 'tis not all who trumps will turn.

The hours flit by one by one,
 Days and years are fleeting too.
 Our every act we must not treat in fun,
 Or else such deeds we'll live to rue.

Some have drank from fountains of joy,
 Some quench their thirst in sorrow's fount.
 Some there are who with your feelings toy,
 But these in the game do not count.

Some will live for pleasures alone,
 They laugh at fear, sorrow and pain.
 In experience I have older grown,
 Knowledge whispers such living is vain,

O! maidens fair list to me awhile,
 Give heed to what I'm going to say:
 Among men are many who your hearts'll beguile,
 And confess their love from day to day.

Yet young girls there are who'll believe,
What young men to them may say,
Whilst girls with smiles these men will deceive,
And lure their hearts from day to day.

Calcutta, 6th February, 1912.

100 THE VOICE OF LOVE.

I LOVE you, how dearly, you'll never know.
No other can such love on you bestow.
I know your worth and can understand
That in seeking you, a great prize I demand.

I care not for you because you possess
Beauty; and for wealth I care much less.
I ask for the costliest thing made by hands above:
A woman's heart and life and her wonderful love.

I do not, I assure you, rashly make my plea;
You are dearer, love, than all the world to me.
If you can but love me, dear, as I do,
I shall make this earth a heaven for you.

I have no crown to deck your queenly brow,
I have no wealth which on you I may bestow;
I have but a heart, strong, true and deep,
Which is stirred, with love and never asleep.

I know of your trials and sufferings too,
I know of all that you have passed through,
I love you still, and only if you'd be
True to the end, I'll stake my life for thee.

You offer your friendship, if I'd ask for it again,
I have ever longed for it I hope not in vain,
I stretch forth my arms and make my plea anew,
Come, sweet love, come to me I cannot part from you

Calcutta, 3rd March, 1912.

101. IF ONLY.

If thou wert alone,
I'd leave all that I possessed,
And hasten to thy side.

If thou wert humble,
I'd lay my wealth at thy feet
Thou may'st bid me abide.

If thou wert scorned,
I'd crush all my pride and fly
So that I may be near.

If thy heart was sad,
I'd speak words of love to thee
Perchance that heart I'd cheer.

If thou wert wealthy,
I'd not try to cross thy path,
Till thou shalt call for me.

And if thou wert dead,
I'd gladly welcome my end
In hopes to be near to thee.

Calcutta, 24th April, 1912.

102. COULD I BUT DARE.

COULD I but dare tell you, dear heart,
How dear you are to me, my sweet,
Could we but meet ne'er more to part,
Our joys would then be most complete.

Could I but dare advance my plea,
And hold your hand clasped in mine.
Could I but press your form to me,
And gaze into your eyes divine.

Could I but dare—it cannot be,
I must live out my life alone ;—
That life so full of misery—
I dare not claim you for my own.

At times I long to compel you
To list to me while I confess—
But though my heart for you beats true.
That heart's beats you must never guess.

Calcutta, 28th April, 1912

103 THE DAWN.

THE twilight hour has fitted by,
The birds have all flown to their nest;
Darkness now veils the deep blue sky;
Men have returned to seek their rest.

But what perfect rest can one find,
When the heart is so full of grief;
Tired the body, weary the mind,
The hours of slumber are but brief.

My heart yearns for one to me dear,
But alas! it must yearn in vain;
She seems so far, yet is so near,
But I must love and long in vain.

I know that some day we must part,
But why should our hearts feel forlorn?
Star of Hope shall shine bright at last,
Like the sunshine at early morn.

Calcutta, 6th May, 1912.

104 DAWN OF LOVE.

As I sit and ponder,
I begin to wonder,
What fate holds out for me,
At night I seek my bed,
And as I lay my head
I dream of years to be.

My thoughts fix on that day
When I must go away—
When I must say good-bye.
Though this parting brings pain,
I know we shall again
Meet once more—you and I.

Years shall swiftly flit by,
 Flowers shall bloom and die,
 Love shall live for ever.
 And I shall always pray,
 For that bright happy day
 We meet to part never.

And my glad tears, shall fall,
 As oft times I recall
 Months together we had past.
 I ask you but to wait,
 For you'll find soon or late
 The dawn shall come at last.

Calcutta, 14th May, 1912.

105 WOULD YOU BID ME STAY.

COULD I but tell thee
 How dear you are to me,
 How my heart yearns for you,
 How I long for your kisses too;
 Would you spurn me and send me away,
 Or would you bid me stay?

Could I but hold your hand
 And obey your every command,
 Press your precious form to mine,
 And gaze into your eyes divine;
 Would you be angry and send me away,
 Or would you bid me stay?

Could I but whisper in your ear
 How oft for you I shed a tear,
 How I long, when we're alone,
 To call you my very own;
 Would you hate me and send me away,
 Or would you bid me stay?

Calcutta, 14th May, 1912.

106 ADIEU, BUT NOT GOOD-BYE.

You know how I love you ?
 How oft I've told you so.
 You know my heart beats true,
 Must you bid me go?
 Shall pride conquer in the end ?
 Or must love reign supreme ?
 Shall time our hearts befriend ?
 Or must doubt end my dream ?

For a while we shall parted be,
 But years shall stand the test,
 Say one word, so precious to me,
 It'll set all doubts at rest.
 Shall all the hopes I cherish,
 Wither and die away?
 Like the flowers that perish,
 And fade from day to day?

I know 'twixt love and duty,
 Our lives are torn apart
 Farewell ! I would your beauty
 Had never won my heart,
 But I feel you love me too,
 So though our parting draws nigh;
 Ere long I'll return to claim you
 Adieu ! Adieu ! but not good-bye !

Calcutta, 14th May, 1912.

107. MY ONE REQUEST.

Months and months have flitted by
 Since first, as strangers we met.
 I love you, I know not why,
 As I had never loved yet.

Perhaps you care for me too—
 Ah, if I could only know !
 I'd wait years and years for you,
 If you but told me 'twere so.

Promise me this, ere we part,—
 'Twould instil new life in me—
 Were I ever free, sweetheart,
 My own loving wife you'd be,

Calcutta., 29th May. 1912.

108 SONG OF HOPE.

I HEARD a strain o'er the chiming sea,
 Its melody sounded sad to me;
 I watched the dark clouds swiftly go by,
 Then I turned from the place with a sigh;
 For my heart was full with grief and woe,
 The tears from my eyes began to flow.

Softly a voice whispered in my ear,—
 "Grieve not, see, these dark clouds will soon clear."
 But soon again that sad heart stood still:
 With hope this message my heart did fill,
 "When", it sighed, "when will I be set free?"
 "When, when will the bright sun shine for me?"

"Away, away o'er the foaming main."
 This was the free and joyous strain.
 "Yea, now go! there cast thy cares away,
 For soon for thee shall dawn that bright day.
 When no more thy heart shall grieve and moan,
 Keep up thy faith and await that dawn!"

Calcutta, 28th June. 1912.

109. THE GIFT.

I ASK thee not to pledge thy faith,
 'Cause thou art beautiful and fair;
 But because I love thee and wish
 That thou shalt that love with me share.

I do not ask thee to be mine
 'Cause I seek thy brow to adorn
 With a diadem of rarest gem,
 For I know such a gift thou'd scorn.

I ask but for the costliest thing
 Nature has bestowed from above,
 'Tis a woman's heart, hand and life,
 To cherish, to protect and love.

Let me not plead to thee in vain,
 What though thou be of humble birth,
 My heart yearns but for thee, dear one,
 Thou art my star of hope on earth.

Calcutta, 2nd July, 1913.

110. SONG OF WAITING.

WHEN roses begin to show,
 And the dawn of summer glow,
 I shall seek for thee.
 Till the mounts with snow are white,
 And the wind blows cold at night,
 Wilt thou wait for me?

Though we are fated to part,
 For thee alone beats my heart,
 I shall think of thee.
 Though months and years roll away,
 Perhaps we shall meet some day,
 Wilt thou wait for me?

When I leave on the morrow,
 Will thy heart fill with sorrow?
 Wilt thou faithful be?
 Thy love'll cheer my lonely heart,
 If thou'lt promise, ere we part,
 Thou shalt wait for me.

Calcutta, 2nd July, 1913.

111 THE PLEDGE OF LOVE.

THE twilight hour is drawing near,
 The sunshine soon shall disappear,
 The stars shall gleam forth one by one.
 Watch each brief moment swiftly fly,
 Soon we shall part and say good-bye,
 Stay awhile, ere the day be done.—

Cheer my heart before I go,
 Dearest one I love you so!
 I ask naught else, but promise this,
 Ere we from each other sever,
 Ere we part—perhaps for ever,
 You will give me but one kiss,

When I have no one to cheer me,
 In spirit you will be near me,
 I shall know you are mine only,
 Mine by night and also by day,
 Though we both be far, far away,
 I shall never seem so lonely,

Cheer my heart before I go,
 Dearest one I love you so!
 I ask naught else, but promise this
 Ere we from each other sever.
 Ere we part—perhaps for ever,
 You'll give me but one kiss.

Calcutta, 4th July, 1912.

112 LOVE'S SONG.

Like the autumn leaves the breeze is strewing
 Here and there into the stream,
 Drifting on its waters, slowly flowing,
 Just as the sun sheds his gleam.

So the words of the song I am singing
 Shall seek a haven in your heart;
 Their message of love they would be bringing—
 Such as I bid them impart.

Somewhere and somehow it's sure to reach you,
 Breathing comfort in your ear;
 And when you receive it I beseech you,
 Think of that day I was near.

And perhaps sometimes that song will thrill you,
 You'll think of me with regret ;
 You'll regret the day you waved your adieu,
 The hour you bid me forget.

Calcutta, 6th July, 1912.

113 TIT FOR TAT.

You love me not, you bid me go,
 Ah! yes, I fear it must be so ;
 'Tis not less than I had deserved
 As I gave, so now I am served.

Once—'twas in the long, long ago—
 A village maid had loved me so ;
 I heard her not, but turned away,
 As I gave, I receive to-day.

Where she is now, I do not know,
 If I did to her I would go ;
 O ! why did I let her depart ?
 Who will now fill this empty heart ?

Calcutta, 9th July, 1912.

114 THE STORMFIEND.

NIGHT comes on, dark clouds hover near,
 Now heavier grows the atmosphere.
 The thunder peals, the lightnings flash !
 Now it falls somewhere with a crash !

Hark ! again that terrible crash,
 See, the lightnings brighter flash !
 Oh ! the sight of distress and woe,
 To my eyes that flash did show :

A house is struck! it crumples down;
 I rush to the rescue with a bound.
 The night is dark, the wind so cold,
 My form within my coat I fold.

At last I reach that fatal spot,—
 Could I the sight from mem'ry blot!
 A fierce flame burst forth from within,
 The inmates all were buried in!

The clouds now burst, down comes the rain!
 But we work on with might and main,
 We labour on with hope and dread;
 We drag the victims, all are dead!

One face I knew—that of my love!
 In anguish I cried to God above;—
 But of what use? the dead now repose,
 Man may propose, but God'll dispose.

Calcutta, 10th July, 1912.

115. LOVE'S KINGDOM.

COME love, the gates are open wide,
 The garden beautiful and fair;
 Come, there together we'll abide,
 No kingdom with it can compare.

Roses that in that garden bloom,
 Are lovely and of varied hue;
 Yet all within is filled with gloom,
 For there's naught as lovely as you.

Through that garden we shall wander,
 The moon shall gaze on from above;
 And that kingdom with its splendour
 Shall e'er be our kingdom of love.

Calcutta, 14th July, 1912.

116. SONNET.

THE hour is swiftly drawing nigh,
 Ah! how I dread its approach!
 At last we part—thou and I,
 Cast not on me thy reproach.
 Could I from mem'ry efface
 That fatal day I saw thy face;
 'Twere better had we not met.
 O, the anguish of this parting!
 My heart with pain is smarting;—
 Ah! can I that hour forget?
 Yet I'll be free soon or late,
 Wilt thou for me till then wait?
 Thy promise will all doubts clear,
 Hope shall my solitude cheer.

Calcutta 21st July, 1912.

117 THE LAST NIGHT.

SISTER!—Could I but call you by a sweeter name,
 But it matters little, I love you just the same;
 Come, we shall roam together on the mouldy sand,
 Or take a drive down to the Strand.
 See the twilight hour wanes, darker the shadows grow,
 'Tis my last night with you, love, for at dawn I go.

Do you remember the first night when we two met!
 When in awe and wonder your eyes on me you set?—
 'Twas months ago, but I ever recall the day,
 Could I but with you always stay!
 But nay, I must go, fate wills it not otherwise,
 Yet in memory I'll cherish you, your love prize.

Do you recall the days we played as children do?—
 Why, 'twas the other day that I was chasing you
 How you and your sister too played your pranks on me,
 In those days I was fancy free.
 Yet those were the happiest days that I had known,
 This parting reveals I have of you fonder grown.

But believe me, I do not wish to leave this spot,
 Where I have known such comforts, was cared for a lot,
 Why should I follow fate's decree, why must I go ?
 Ah ! cruel fate, it must be so.—
 No, I did not mean that, you weep ! come dry those tears,
 Our parting shall be brief, there's hope in future years.

That is right, just let that smile linger for a while,
 Time cannot stay, then let us these few hours beguile !
 Let us forget the past, for it makes you weary,
 Let us talk something more cheery.
 I must work, work with an effort, it would be grand,
 For toil is sweeter, I've idled long in the land

Would you blush for me, dear, were you to see me there,
 Working with my sleeves tucked up and both my arms
 bare ?
 Why not ? I've no wealth to pose as a gentleman,
 But where's the shame ? say, if you can ?
 Now what makes the gentleman, position or birth ?
 Nay, he who is honest of heart, noble in worth.

But I know you do not mind, for you understand
 That sham and hypocrisy lurks in all things grand.—
 Ah ! its getting late now, the parting hour is nigh,
 Come, love, I must now say good-bye.
 You will write to me often, dear, when I am gone,
 Give me all the news, say how everything goes on.

The future is not as dark as it may appear,
 Though the black clouds may linger, yet the sky will clear
 Though our paths may sever, dear, as the years glide on,
 Yet darkness will wane and then—dawn !
 There's Hope offering you a drink, just drain the cup,
 Remember all I said now, God bless you, cheer up.

Calcutta, 23rd July, 1912.

116. SONNET.

THE hour is swiftly drawing nigh,
Ah! how I dread its approach!
At last we part—thou and I,
Cast not on me thy reproach.
Could I from mem'ry efface
That fatal day I saw thy face;
'Twere better had we not met.
O, the anguish of this parting!
My heart with pain is smarting;—
Ah! can I that hour forget?
Yet I'll be free soon or late,
Wilt thou for me till then wait?
Thy promise will all doubts clear,
Hope shall my solitude cheer.

Calcutta 21st July, 1912.

117 THE LAST NIGHT.

SISTER!—Could I but call you by a sweeter name,
But it matters little, I love you just the same;
Come, we shall roam together on the mouldy sand,
Or take a drive down to the Strand.
See the twilight hour wanes, darker the shadows grow,
'Tis my last night with you, love, for at dawn I go.

Do you remember the first night when we two met!
When in awe and wonder your eyes on me you set?—
'Twas months ago, but I ever recall the day,
Could I but with you always stay!
But nay, I must go, fate wills it not otherwise,
Yet in memory I'll cherish you, your love prize.

Do you recall the days we played as children do?—
Why, 'twas the other day that I was chasing you
How you and your sister too played your pranks on me,
In those days I was fancy free.
Yet those were the happiest days that I had known,
This parting reveals— I have of you fonder grown.

But believe me, I do not wish to leave this spot,
 Where I have known such comforts, was cared for a lot,
 Why should I follow fate's decree, why must I go?
 Ah ! cruel fate, it must be so.—
 No, I did not mean that, you weep ! come dry those tears,
 Our parting shall be brief, there's hope in future years.

That is right, just let that smile linger for a while,
 Time cannot stay, then let us these few hours beguile !
 Let us forget the past, for it makes you weary,
 Let us talk something more cheery.
 I must work, work with an effort, it would be grand,
 For toil is sweeter, I've idled long in the land

Would you blush for me, dear, were you to see me there,
 Working with my sleeves tucked up and both my arms
 bare ?
 Why not ? I've no wealth to pose as a gentleman,
 But where's the shame ? say, if you can ?
 Now what makes the gentleman, position or birth ?
 Nay, he who is honest of heart, noble in worth.

But I know you do not mind, for you understand
 That sham and hypocrisy lurks in all things grand.—
 Ah ! its getting late now, the parting hour is nigh,
 Come, love, I must now say good-bye.
 You will write to me often, dear, when I am gone,
 Give me all the news, say how everything goes on.

The future is not as dark as it may appear,
 Though the black clouds may linger, yet the sky will clear
 Though our paths may sever, dear, as the years glide on,
 Yet darkness will wane and then—dawn !
 There's Hope offering you a drink, just drain the cup,
 Remember all I said now, God bless you, cheer up.

Calcutta, 23rd July, 1912.

118 THE TWENTY THREE MATCH STICKS.

The author once asked a lady friend to take 23 sticks of matches and make three words of them. As she could not do it, she asked him to solve it and he replied in these lines:—

You ask me, fair maid, to explain
Words the twenty-three match sticks contain ;
Can you not the three simple words find ?
Does the puzzle really tax your mind ?

Yet did you but try, you'd discern,
And soon the reward of patience earn ;
'Tis so very simple you will see,
Just like mastering your A. B. C.

I'll ask you to try once again,
Little exercise give to your brain!
Unfold the many cells of your mind,
Within these the required words you will find.

Be patient, never stand to doubt,
Nothing is so hard, so I have heard,
But what search always finds it out,
Then you'll remember each separate word.

Karachu, 19th September, 1912.

119. THE HOUR OF PARTING.

FAST approacheth the hour,
The hour that we must part.
I shall keep this flower
Ever nearest my heart.

Within I feel a pain
My heart is anguish torn;
But we shall meet again
On just such a bright morn.

Yet think me not unkind
'Cause my heart is so sad;
I know I leave behind
The sweetest rose I had.

But I must build for me
A position of worth,
Ere I ask thee to be
The sharer of my hearth.

I am but young, sweetheart,
 All hope is not yet dead;
 Though now thus we part,
 Still one day we shall wed.

Then come, your young heart cheer,
 Do not let these tears flow;
 To me you are so dear,
 And you love me I know.

Until that hour of bliss,
 When we meet—you and I,
 I claim naught but a kiss,—
 And now, dear one, good-bye.

Bombay, 23rd August 1913.

120. LOVE'S REGRET.

WHY must I let you go?
 Ah! love, I love you so,
 Stay with me, do not thus depart,
 Has your love colder grown?
 Must you leave me to mourn?
 Why will you break my trusting heart?

I thought our lives would be
 One till eternity,
 And yet now you leave me like this?
 Oh, the agonising pain!
 Must I then plead in vain?
 Perhaps you'll give me just one kiss?

Better had we not met,
 I'd been saved this regret
 Of parting forever from you.
 You'll think of me and sigh,
 Though you bid me good-bye,
 Though you now leave me as you do.

Bombay, 25th August 1913.

121. DOST THOU REMEMBER?

TWAS under the silvery moon
On a cold night in December,
When my heart with thine held commune,—
Ah! surely thou dost remember?

Softly rustled the leaves that night,
Wafted by the cool evening breeze;
In whispered parle we both did plight
Our vows to the surrounding trees.

We let our fancied dreams to roam
Through surging thoughts that gave them birth;
Then we two slowly sauntered home,
Our hearts full of passion and mirth.

Years have flown on their wings above,—
'Twas just this night in December—
Full ten long years ago, my love,
How 'tis past!—Dost thou remember?

Bombay, 26th August, 1913.

122. TO THEE

THE Sun shines bright at dawn
And when darkness comes on,
The Moon replaces the Sun
And Stars gleam one by one.

When the twilight hour is nigh,
The Sun sets in the sky;
And when the Moon doth wane,
Day dawns bright once again.

But love that's ever true,
As mine is, dear, for you,
Will live through day and night,
And make both our hearts light.

Bombay, 23rd September, 1913.

123. THE GOLDEN RING.

MEMORIES about you cling,
O Golden Ring !
Memories joyous and sad,
Since I was a little lad.

Hopes within my heart do spring,
O Golden Ring !
You shall guide me in my quest,
For Love and Faith and all the rest.

Bombay, 14th November, 1913--

124 THE SOLDIER'S HOPE.

I'M lonely, very lonely,
I long, I long love, for thee.
Ah, if I could but only
Just once again cross the sea !

The night is dark, the trail long,
But hope stirs my heart anew !
I seem to join in the song
That I used to sing with you,

Boom the shells overhead,
In that dark, stilly night :
Striking some foemen dead,
And putting others to flight.

I shall behold thee once more,
The trail shall not now be long ;
I shall hold thee as before,
Together we'll sing our song !

Soon shall end this awful fight.
 The troops shall triumphant return.
 Right shall conquer over might,
 The rest we sought we shall earn.

Oh, how I long for that day !
 Once more thou'lt stand by my side—
 Not as thou hast been alway,—
 But as my beloved bride.

Bombay, 3rd March, 1917.

125 A SOLDIER'S LOVE SONG.

THE gleam of dawn is breaking,
 The dangers of night are past ;
 The larks are merry-making,
 My sad, lone heart is cheered at last !
 My thoughts are of thee, dearest one,
 And of that day when we both meet ;
 When we shall have conquered the Hun,
 I'll lay my laurels at thy feet.

O, the joy of that blessed day
 When we shall be together, dear !
 I already feel blithe and gay,
 My love for thee has conquered fear !
 Ah ! 'tis been anxious months for me
 Since the day I bade thee good-bye ;
 We've made a stand for Liberty,
 Freedom's Flag shall now wave on high !

Weep not, fair one, tears of sorrow,
 Let hope your comforter be ;
 Cheered shall thou be on the morrow,
 When thou shalt hear of Victory.
 Thy vigil shall not now be long,
 Our united strength must prevail.
 With triumphant music and song
 We shall cross the long-winding trail.

Bombay, 25th March, 1917.

126 U N T I L.

THERE's a sweetheart who waits for me
 In an Eastern home far away !
 In my dreams her sad face I see,
 And I think of her thro' the day.

Sometimes I hear her sing,
 Sometimes I see her weep.
 Till the joyous bells ring,
 May God His watch o'er thee keep !

There's that happy day dawning, dear,—
 'The waiting shall not now be long,—
 When I shall always have thee near,
 Then together we'll sing this song :

Sometimes we used to sigh,
 Sometimes we used to pine ;
 No more we'll say good-bye,
 For God has made thee mine !

Bombay, 28th March, 1917.

127. TRUST IS THE KEY TO FAITH AND LOVE.

Love sat triumphant for long,
 Until Jealousy stepped in ;
 Everything then went wrong.
 A mere glance was thought a sin.

Thou large brained woman, refrain
 From thy misguided folly ;
 Let me plead just once again
 Not to heed Jane or Molly.

These friends will ruin thy life,
 Then shut their doors in thy face.
 Jealousy must lead to strife,
 And the peace of our home menace.

Woman ! dost thou realise
 That Trust is a gift from above ?
 So this gift thou art to prize,
 For 'tis the key to Faith and Love.

Just where the serpent's tooth is,
 Avoid forever that tree.
 Listen, this then the truth is :
 That I'm faithful and true to thee !

Bombay, 27th April, 1917.

128. THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

It is a night of beauty, the moon shines bright,—
 The night that we parted was just such a night !
 Can I forget thy despair, thy misery ?
 To my dying day thy sad face shall haunt me !

'Twas at duty's call that I left the dear homeland,
 I think of thee with sadness as now on French soil I stand.
 The battle fiercer grows, the bullets o'erhead fly,
 What do I care now if I live or if I die !

I left thee, alas ! in loneliness to pine,
 Little I knew I'd never see thy face divine,
 Ah ! love, could I but a boon from heaven crave !
 I'd pray to be laid beside thee in thy grave !

Farewell ! I have naught now to live for, dear heart ;
 Why were we fated thus, forever, to part ?
 Behold day dawns bright, and it would seem
 That all this was but fancied in my dream !

Bombay, 9th May, 1917

129 NATURE.

THE dawn broke, I beheld the sunshine
 As I awoke, through my window gleam.
 I rose and gazed at the light divine,
 And all that lovely to me did seem.

I watched the red roses in their bloom—
All fresh and moist with the morning's dew ;
So did other flowers which did loom
To my sight—all of different hue.

Then I saw the busy life begun—
The people all moving here and there ;
Now a dark patch of cloud hid the sun,
And a heavy mist lay in the air.

My thoughts carried me to that first day
When all nature lay hidden in night ;
When at the beginning Thou didst say :
“ Let there be light,” behold there was light !

When all was complete, Thou didst create
Man in Thine own image divine ;
And then Thou gavest him a mate :
A woman of grace and sunshine.

And when their paths were crossed by sin,
Thou didst drive them into exile ;
By toil and sweat their labour to begin,
No more the tempter shall beguile.

And when man, thus subdued, had left
That garden where all was so sublime,
Thou didst ordain life shall be bereft,
To dust all living shall turn in time.

The sun shall give forth its light by day,
The moon and stars at night shall shine.
But our souls shall have flitted away,
We no more shall see these lights divine.

So let it be ! Thou hast willed it so—
Yet thy works, O God ! are sublime :
Years may come, currents of life will flow,
Thy work shall remain to end of time.

Calcutta, 6th July, 1912.

130. A PRAYER FOR FORGIVENESS.

LORD ! in my troubles to thee I turn,
 For thy love and forgiveness I yearn ;
 I know of my folly and my sin,
 And, therefore, I seek Thy grace to win.

In youth my soul to pleasures I gave,
 That soul, Lord, I now ask thee to save ;
 Let not Thy vengeance deal me its blow,
 Though I deserve it full well I know.

But have I not, O Lord ! suffered so ?
 Wilt Thou not to me some mercy show ?
 Behold I kneel at Thy shrine,—I must ;
 In Thee has ever reposed my trust.

O, the years gone by ! where are ye now ?
 What curses have ye heaped on my brow ?
 Must I wail in anguish ? must I fall ?
 Have I not since lost my dear ones all ?

Then pity my plight, God I'm alone !
 Too long already my cross I have borne !
 Yet, O my Saviour, I shall cling there,
 Till Thou forgive and heed my prayer

Calcutta, 6th July, 1912.

131. PARADISE.

MAN, whom Thou has placed here below,
 To him all knowledge did bestow ;
 But this he cannot yet surmise :
 Where lies his beautiful Paradise.

At dawn he beholds the sunshine,—
 The glorious gleam of light divine ;
 By night he sees the pale moon rise ;
 Yet his thoughts dwell on Paradise.

In childhood years he played about,
 No care he had,—he'd laugh and shout,
 He'd pluck flowers of varied size,
 That garden was his Paradise.

When he, to manhood years now grown,
 Knew his days of youth were all flown,
 Though by knowledge now grown wise ;
 He knew not where was Paradise.

Man's gaze meets the eyes of his love,
 Which beam like the bright stars above ;
 Pressing her form to his, he sighs,
 Hopes and dreams of *his* Paradise.

Behold him now—drooping and old,
 His hairs snowy white, his hands cold,
 His end so near, time quickly flies,
 Yet he asks—"Where lies Paradise?"

At last he yields his fleeting breath,
 His eyelids are now closed in death,
 His form of clay for burial lies,—
 Say, does his soul reach Paradise ?

Calcutta, 7th July, 1912.

132. BELIEF.

I stood and watched the sun set in the west,
 Its bright reflection was thrown on the stream ;
 I saw the swallows flying to their rest,
 Then to my mind was presented this dream :

I saw a shape so sorrowful, so worn,
 'Twas Grief so aged, and bent in prime :
 Once again the veil from eyes was torn,
 And now I beheld the veteran Time.

He bowed his snowy head and was gone,
 Leaving me wondering and in dismay.
 Then before my sight a new vision shone,
 'Twas Beauty clothed in Fashion's array.

She sang a ballad in a voice so sweet,
She held both her hands in welcome to me.
I hastened to her side, knelt at her feet,
Her bosom heaved a sigh, was it for me ?

What was the sense beneath the silver tone,
What were the words of the ballad she sang ?
I could not tell—the language was unknown,
Yet her voice in my ear melodious rang !

I deemed then I received a full measure
Of ephemeral joy, and then I felt,
While sense was lost in unfeigned pleasure,
That lovely form from my vision melt.

Pleasure so vague was succeeded by pain,
Like Faust, I felt my soul I'd gladly pawn,
Just to behold that sweet vision again,
But the Devil only smiled—she was gone !

Then I gazed on the brightest form of all,
The comforter of men, 'twas known as Hope,
To her did I in a pleading voice call,
And leapt to her side like an antelope.

Seeking her hand I held it in my own,
"Say, does this Earth hold any joy for me ?"
A bright gleam in her eyes then shone,
As she answered, "The dawn shall rise for thee."

"List to the rustling of leaves on yon tree,
They speak in an unknown language—hark !
'The sun shall soon shine bright for thee,
E'en though Despair makes thy vision dark.'

"Go then, turn Melancholy from thy door,
And cross not the paths that are trod by Grief."
Hope was gone. I stood alone as before,
But my heart was soothed by unknown Belief.

Bombay, 25th September, 1913.

133. A PRAYER.

O HEAVENLY Father of light and love,
Behold me meek at Thy holy shrine,
Praying that Thou mayst pour from above
Into my soul fresh streams of light divine.

O true Physician ! I ask Thee to heal
My poor heart that so sick and wounded is.
I ask Thee, in Thy mercy, to reveal
One single hour of hope and happy bliss.

Almighty God, to our nature cleaveth still
That awful disease—leprosy of sin ;
But Thou, in Thy mercy our souls will fill
With Holy Spirit to cleanse us within.

God, to Thee ever I shall fondly pray
That Thou mayst forgive and purify me,
So that with faith, trust and glory I may
Leave all that I possess and follow Thee.

Bombay, 26th September, 1913.

134. A SONG OF PRAISE.

As the heart that longs for the sea,
So does mine, O God, long for Thee,
My soul is athirst with desire
To serve Thee—my heart is afire ;
I cry to Thee, O God, in pain,
Alas ! must I then plead in vain ?
My tears are my meat day and night,
I call to Thee with main and might.

Why, O my soul, art thou downcast ?
Thy days of sufferings cannot last !
Why art thou disquieted in me ?
Hope on, God shall merciful be.
O God ! my voice to Thee I raise,
And sing out, with the rest, Thy praise.
Within me is cast down my soul,
Yet I keep my faith in control.

Be near me when all else is drifting:
 Earth, sky and faces kind ;
 These last to mine in love uplifting
 And gently soothe my mind.

Perchance life on earth I valued not,—
 Slept thro' the fleeting years,
 Enough for me the mediocre's lot,
 Heedless of hopes or fears.

Yet I would wish to rise far above
 The common ruck of things,
 And learn the lore of deep, simple love
 Whereof the poet sings.

'Tis in thy regions alone that I
 Can learn the holy song ;—
 Ah ! to live somewhere beyond the sky
 The life for which I long !

Bombay, 12th September, 1915.

139. INASMUCH.

SHALL I let a poor man go
 When he pleads to me ?
 Ah ! do I not also know
 Pinch of poverty ?

When I know one is in need
 Shall I turn away ?
 Shall not my heart for him bleed ?
 For I've felt that way.

Can I hear a tale of woe
 And not sympathise ?
 Have not sorrows caused to flow
 Tear drops from my eyes ?

Pity the mother who mourns her boy,
 Who once was her pride, hope and joy !
 Pity the bride bereft of her groom,
 The home so bare, the hearts that gloom.

The victims who in oppression groan,
 Now plead before Thy judgment throne ;
 Shall their prayers unheeded be ?
 Shall Thou not show them sympathy ?

Let thy vengeance all those pursue,
 Who Thy creatures hack and hew ;
 Who destroy Thy churches at will,
 Innocent babes and women kill !

Who have lost all conscience and shame,
 And e'en blaspheme Thy Holy Name !
 Who pillage and plunder when thy can,
 Defy Thy laws and those of man.

To Thee, O God ! the people plead
 To send Peace on earth with all speed ;
 To hasten the hour there shall be
 For all Freedom and Liberty !

Bombay, 10th September, 1915.

138 AT THE LAST.

WHEN day is done and night is falling
 And my hour glass has run,
 Then shall I answer to Thy calling
 And say 'Thy will be done !'

Thou hast guided my bark to this goal,
 And now, O God, I pray
 That thou shalt show mercy to my soul
 When it shall flit away.

Can a mother sit and hear
 Her child groan with pain ?
 When a voice pleads for someone dear,
 Shall it plead in vain ?

When a repentant comes in sorrow
 Shall I not be kind ?
 He calls not to beg or borrow,
 But some work to find.

If I turn one from my door
 Who shall give him bread ?
 "Give all though canst to the poor,"
 The Great Preacher said.

Say is there ought that differs
 More than man from man ?
 Be there any who infer
 The future he can scan ?

Go and tell this prophet then
 What the sages say :
 Destiny shapes for all men
 Their fates day by day.

Think not I can breathe a sigh
 And God hears it not.
 If I let a poor soul die,
 What shall be my lot ?

Bombay, 15th September, 1915.

140. A PRAYER.

(ON READING OF THE ATROCITIES DAILY COMMITTED BY
 THE RUTHLESS HUNS).

FROM these soulless creatures,
 From these savage men,
 O God, we pray, help us,
 And our cause defend !

These ruthless murderers
 In their rage do foam ;
 From their treach'ries save us ;
 We'll die for our home !

By their inhuman acts
 They've sounded their knell ;
 With Thy help we shall drive
 These butchers to Hell !

Bombay, 22nd April, 1917.

141. WHO CAN TELL ?

Who can tell what treasures lie
 Buried in the mighty deep ?
 Who can guess the life beyond
 When we slumber in death's sleep ?
 Who can read the future so dark,
 So full of mystery ?
 Events that once have past and gone,
 Are ancient history.

Why fret o'er your wasted life ?
 Why throw every chance away ?
 Why seek the hidden future ?
 'Twill reveal itself someday.
 What then is life ? Say, is it not
 But as a dream or a game ?
 The toll of toil, enjoyment rest
 From day to day the same ?

Some seek pleasure, others gain,
 Some venture even further ;
 Some have sorrow, others pain,
 One outwits the other.
 So shall life be unto the end,
 Never changing, ever the same ;
 But why despair at a losing hand
 While you are still in the game ?

Karachi, 7th August 1908.

142. AT THE CLOSE OF DAY.

WHEN the shades of night are falling
 And the day's toil is done ;
 When children's voices are calling
 To join them in their fun.
 The streets are all ablaze with light,
 Ev'ry one is merry and gay ;
 Each face beams with rapture's delight
 At the close of day.

Away, beyond the tumult and strife,
 One sweet voice bids me come :
 'Tis the voice of my darling wife,
 And the spot is our home.
 Now that my day's labour is done
 She comes to meet me all that way ;
 Her face beams like the setting sun
 At the close of day.

Karach, 8th August 1908.

143. THE HAND OF TIME.

TICK tick, tick, swiftly moves the hand of time,
 Tick, tick, tick, in every age, sphere and clime.
 Each hour passes away,
 Years too are fleeting by ;
 Chances we miss each day
 We recall with a sigh.
 All our dreaming is broken through,
 Both what's done and undone we rue.

Tick, tick, tick, so the moments swiftly fly,
 Tick, tick, tick, our own end is drawing nigh,
 So it shall ever be
 Forever and aye ;
 Death claiming you and me
 As we each go our way.
 The end is cruel, the grave is cold,
 But beyond lies the City of Gold.

Karachi, 17th September, 1909.

144. DEAR HOMELAND GOOD-BYE !

FAREWELL my own, my native land,
 Soon I shall cross the main.
 There be no friend to grip my hand,
 Regrets then would be vain.
 I go to seek my luck elsewhere,
 To live my life anew ;
 I've no mother to shed a tear,
 No sweetheart to kiss me adieu.

There's no one to say good-bye,
 No one to care for me ;
 The fateful hour is drawing nigh,
 When I shall forever cross the sea.

'Tis gone, the past was all a dream,
 Those childhood days are now o'er;
 The sun, that once so bright did gleam,
 Will shine for me no more.
 The game is played, the die is cast,
 I'll seek for fortunes anew ;
 Elsewhere I shall redeem the past,
 So to thee—dear homeland—adieu !

There's no one to say good-bye,
 No friends to grip my hand ;
 I leave behind no earthly tie
 As I sail from my native land.

Karachi, 28th September, 1909.

145. LOST.

I WANDER hopelessly here and there,
 I care not now where I roam ;
 I lost the place I valued dear,
 That place—ah, cruel fate !—was home.

Gone are the days beyond recall,
 My after years seem full of gloom ;
 I lost what I cherished most of all,
 When I turned my back on home.

What though I dwell in a palace grand,
 With its marble steps and golden dome ?
 I may be comfortable as any in the land,
 But 'twould ne'er compare with home.

It may have been a humble one,
 But what of that? It was home.
 I longed, when my day's work was done,
 For the rest and cheer I found at home.

Calcutta, 2nd April, 1910.

146. A SONG OF GOOD CHEER.

"LAUGH and the world will laugh with you,
 Weep and you weep alone."
 Is not, alas ! this saying true ?
 Have not all troubles of their own ?
 Some there'll be who will feel for you,
 Some will comfort and cheer.
 Though of such you'll find but a few,
 While most at you will laugh and jeer.

Why to the world your troubles tell ?
 Why suffer, grieve or sigh ?
 There are others whose lives are hell,
 Who suffer more than you or I.
 Then throw dull cares aside, I say,
 Be cheerful to the end.
 When in trouble kneel down and pray,
 In God alone you have a friend.

Karachi, 20th June, 1910.

147. BRAVE HEART, ARISE.

DARK is the night, clouds hang overhead ;
 Sad, sad is the heart, hope seems dead.
 Pain steals at night, but night is brief,
 Then why thus fill your heart with grief ?
 Hear the birds singing—night is gone
 All things seem joyful at approach of dawn.

Time swiftly fleeth, it cannot stay,,
 Cast all your cares at dawn of day;
 Come, watch the roses moist with dew,
 All seem happy,—then why not you ?
 O dry those tears, brave heart arise !
 Laugh ! 'twill re-echo; weep ! none sympathise.

Karachi, 18th June, 1910.

148. ALL YOU DO LIES IN THIS TO-DAY.

LOVE me to-day, never mind the morrow,
 Let us be gay and bury our sorrow ;
 For time fleeth and cannot stay.

Grieve not over things that are past,
 For dawn will surely come at last ;
 All you do lies in this to-day.

Do all you can to-day, do not believe
 That some things for the morrow you can leave,
 To-morrow may not pass your way,

Make most of life while 'twill last,
 Seize every chance and hold it fast,
 All you do lies in this to-day.

Karachi, 20th June 1910.

149 THE TRAMP.

FIERCE is the storm, the wind howls by,
The ground is covered with snow ;
A lone figure, clad in rags,—
A picture of mis'ry and woe,—
Is treading his way, step by step,
Seeking for shelter in vain;
Which was denied him at each door,
Though he tried again and again.

"Open the door, sir," he had said,
"I have tramped it far and wide,
I am no burglar who tries
From the clutches of law to hide.
I'm no beggar seeking for bread,
Or asking for charity,
I have witnessed better days, sir,
And just claim your sympathy.

"The night is cold, the way is long,
My feet ache sore with pain!
Do not refuse to shelter me,
Do not let me plead in vain!
Think of your wife and your children,
When old and frail they be,
May they never suffer through life,
Or be, like me, in mis'ry."

They heard him pleading, but in vain !
Each and ev'ry gate was barred ;
In comfort they sat by the fire,
Pretending they had not heard.
At last one poor farmer, who saw
Him totter about to fall,
Ope'd his doors to let him in,
And gently led him to the hall.

Alas! so 'twill be to the end,
 The poor will help the poor,
 The rich will ne'er a tramp befriend,
 Though he pleads at his door.
 And yet his thousands he will stake
 In betting or in card play,
 They care not what they win or lose,
 These debts of honour they must pay !

Calcutta, 2nd March, 1912.

150. TRY AGAIN.

THOUGH life may seem dull and dreary,
 The body tired and mind weary,
 And the heart filled with pain,
 Nothing that you do but will fail,
 Fresh attempts seem of no avail,
 Yet try again,

We are apt to fail now and then,
 Things will alter—we know not when,
 Life to us may seem vain.
 In God alone keep your faith strong,
 Then you can never go wrong,
 Just try again.

Calcutta, 26th June, 1912.

151. FRIENDSHIP'S TOKEN.

FAREWELL! the parting hour draws nigh,
 " 'Twill soon have flitted by
 And I shall be far away.
 Though seas and lands our paths divide,
 Though the days and months swiftly glide,
 Yet we may meet again some day.

But ere I go I would impart
 A message that's nearest my heart :—
 'Tis greeting sincere and true :
 " May thy future e'er happy be,
 Life be one long sunshine for thee,"
 This is my wish,—and now adieu !

But stay ! these are but empty words,
 They will be lost like songs of birds,
 And the link will then be broken.
 Accept this parting gift from me,
 Let it ever remain with thee
 As a lasting friendship's token.

Calcutta, 26th June 1912.

152. WORK.

THERE'S a perennial nobleness in work you'll find,
 It inspires vigour into body and mind,
 And you no longer yield to sorrow.
 If you do within the day all you can,
 You'll have done your duty as becomes any man,
 Just repeat the same on the morrow.

To ev'ry man is given his share of work,
 He is not man who from duty will shirk,
 If all did, how'd the harvest stand?
 Think not that in idleness there is any gain,
 Mind becomes worried and the body in pain,
 So be ever ready to lend a hand.

Watch all living creatures at work each day,
 Each is busy in its own peculiar way,
 For they all are someting a-doing.
 If there be a home where all idle are,
 Enter it not but just observe from far :
 Trouble there is surely brewing.

The farmer engages in his daily toil,
 Earning his living by tilling the soil,
 He craves for naught but health.
 Now observe the blacksmith with hammer and tong,
 Ever at work singing his favourite song,
 He's rich in ignorance of wealth.
 Leave not for morrow what you can do to-day,
 Who knows what the morrow will lead in its way?
 Soon the years one by one shall fleet,
 Time glides like the stream, abiding for no man,
 Seize your opportunity, labour while you can,
 Bread earned by toil is always sweet.

Calcutta, 1st. July, 1912.

153. THE WAIL OF AGONY.

As thoughts of the past crowd on me,
I recall days for ever gone ;
My heart lills with anguish, my soul with grief,
Sadly and sorrowfully my fate I mourn,

'Twas in those happy days gone by,
When life knew no care or sorrow,
My home was cheery, wife and child were nigh,
I cared not what may be to-morrow.

Those days are gone,—they're beyond recall,
I lost all in this world I had.
I care not now if I stand or fall;—
I marvel that I am not mad!

No, you cannot help, let me weep !
These gushing tears give me relief;
Soon all will be forgotten in sleep,
Seek not to intrude on my grief.

O, could my life in these tears melt!
Could I forget the awful past!
I seem happy, yet could you have felt
The grip with which I was held fast,

You'd know what it is to suffer pain,
You'd with my condition sympathise;
I try to forget my grief, in vain!
Had you felt so, then you'd realise.

My fate is cruel, God wills it so;
And not until this fleeting breath
Leaves my body, then only I'd know
Peace, perfect peace,—yea not till death!

Calcutta, 3rd July, 1912.

154. VOICE OF HOPE.

THE years of youth had passed away,
The welcome dawn of hope drew nigh ;
I worked at my desk day after day,
Thus months and years swiftly flew by.

The hour of bondage was now o'er,
At last independence was mine !
I dreamt not what future held in store,
Life to me seemed one long sunshine.

But all my visions atonce fell,
A stillness on my spirit came ;
How I suffered there's no need to tell,
I had cast my die and lost the game.

I'll not speak of woe,—why should I?
I cannot reveal the thoughts that rent
My fainting spirit, when its wild sigh
Across the billow to heaven was sent.

A brief rest upon the billow's height,
A short respite from toil and pain,
Then darkness once more veiled the light
And gloom was within my heart again.

Such my lot, whom all have left,
With my grief I stand all alone !
So sinks the heart when all's bereft,
And the body slumbers wearied and worn.

Oh! there are sorrows too intense,
Such as rested on that soul of mine,—
“Hush! rouse thyself be not dense,
Do not bewail thy fate, do not repine.”

“Faint not” sayeth Hope “Oh, heart of man !
E'en though thy years of life wane slow,
Thy God will help thee all He can,
If thou sufferest tell Him so.”

Calcutta, 4th July, 1912.

155. THE FARTHEST LIMIT.

SAD, solitary thoughts their vigil keep
O'er the sick, whose eyes refuse to close in sleep.
Aware that his life's end is now drawing near,
He communes with his sinking soul in fear.
He muses o'er his wasted life below,
And then a prayer to his God he mutters low.
His moments draw nigh—they will soon have past—
Then the sands of life will ebb out at last.
At the still midnight hour he lies wide awake,
Thoughts crowd on him which he cannot hope to shake:
His past so full of hopes—all unrealised ;
His loved ones lost and all else below he prized.
He tries hard to peer into eternity—
'Tis a shuddering void in futurity—
In the gaping gulf of blank oblivion lost,
Pleasures on earth he had, but too dear the cost.
He was King Alcohol's companion and slave,
Now the Demon leads him to his earthly grave.
No stone shall ever mark the spot where he lies,
As he had lived in this life, so now he dies.
No more of hope, no more of world's desires,
No more of wealth—nor to fame he aspires.
There be none on earth who will now for him weep
When at last his eyes shall close in slumber deep.
Why now wail in agony ? Why moan in grief ?
Earth holds no further vestige, moments are brief.
He watches the light of taper—not much left,
So his life in a few moments shall be bereft.
And now, ere thy soul from thy body is rent,
Plead to thy God for His mercy, pray, repent !
So that, when thou at last shall yield thy breath,
Thou shalt find forgiveness *even* in death !

Calcutta, 5th July, 1912.

156. BROKEN DREAMS.

I DREAMT of one I loved in the years gone by,—
 She was vain, worth neither a tear nor a sigh.
 All the dreaming is faded, the love is dead,
 Forgotten the days when tears for her I shed !

I dream anew of one worthier than she !
 My heart nigh broken, throbs fast and free !
 I dream of the future—will it ever dawn ?
 Shall I be happy when I awake at morn ?

But I fear to awake lest the dream fades away,
 The rose of life may wither with the day.
 The wind fails like the voice of a soul in pain,
 Yet I live and love, sure 'tis not in vain ?

I dream of the flame ablaze within my heart,
 It cannot be that from her too I must part ?
 What eyes see beauty and turn their gaze above ?
 What heart could beat for such as her without love ?

Let me sleep and dream, disturb not my repose ;
 Let me gaze on her cheeks fresh as the bloom of rose !
 And when the dream is broken, bid me to stay,
 I shall love her still, though hope dies away.

Karachi, 10th July, 1902

157. BABY MINE.

SLEEP softly, my babe, sleep,
 There's nothing to trouble thee ;
 Unless thy slumbers, so deep,
 Night shall soon ended be.

Laugh and play while still young,
 Enjoy this endless pleasure ;
 Thy troubles have not begun,
 Then of joy take thy measure.

Fondled by every one,
 Thou art our home's sunshine ;
 Join in the frolics and fun,
 'Tis thy privilege, not mine.

Karachi, 18th September, 1900.

158. THE LAST MESSAGE.

THERE is a picture in my room
 Of one I loved in the long ago ;
 Each time at it, in my hours of gloom,
 I looked, tears from my eyes would flow ;
 No better friend in the world had I,
 Nor shall I know another ;
 'Twas a sad, sad good bye
 When I parted from dear mother !

But now I too shall go away,
 We shall meet in heaven above !
 Send that picture to Daddy and say
 I've been laid beside the one I love.
 Then, when he gazes at it and sighs,
 When dark clouds shall veil his joy,
 When tears shall dim his eyes,
 Tell him to think of his lost boy !

Karachi, 20th September, 1900.

159. DOWN IN THE DEEP.

DARK is the night, the wind howls by,
 Storms are approaching, the waves beat high,
 Helpless the ship is tossed in the sea,
 The Captain brave, where, where is he ?
 There, stern and steadfast, at his post,
 Watching the threat'ning rock-bound coast :
 Hark ! 'tis his voice, as of one entombed,
 " Save yourselves, men ! the ship is doomed ! "

Listen ! the lighthouse bell's deep cry,
 Warning the mariner of danger nigh ;
 " Save yourselves, men ! " he cries once more,
 " Out with the lifeboats, or all be o'er ! "
 But one brave youth by his Captain stays,
 " Go with the rest," he vainly prays ;
 Scornful, the proud lad shakes his head,
 Fearless is he of the breakers ahead.

The storm grows fiercer, the lightnings flash,
 The good ship strikes the rock with a crash !
 Where were her bones when the night was o'er ?
 Down in the deep, to arise no more !
 All, all are saved, but two brave hearts sleep,
 Down in the silence of the deep ;
 Never to earth will they rise again,
 For the lighthouse bell has tolled in vain.

Karachi, 13th June 1910.

160. THE ANGRY DEEP.

LIST to the peal of thunder !
 The fierce wind passes howling by :
 'Tis but a blast, how long 'twill last
 I ponder as I gaze at the sky.
 Then I hear the dashing billows,
 I see the lightning flash :
 Now it falls at a distance
 With an awful crash !

Do you hear that distant report ?—
 A ship in distress fires a gun !
 Heave thy billows, thou angry deep !
 Thy terrible work has begun :
 'Tis only a few more victims
 Added to those gone before ;
 Many a home is bereft to-night,
 Many hearts are sore.

Karachi, 8th August, 1910.

161. BEHIND THE MASK.

THE music hall was lit so bright,
 The audience expectant sat :
 A new star was to sing that night,—
 A beautiful young girl at that.
 With loud applause she was greeted,
 She sang in a voice sweet and low ;
 The applause now is repeated,—
 But her history none cared to know !

The scene is changed, yet once again
 Behold yonder a mansion grand,
 Within is heard the laughter plain,
 And the strains of a military band.
 Outside stands a tramp, weary and worn,
 A picture of grief and woe ;
 Alas ! that poor tramp so humbly born,
 His story none cared to know !

So 'twill always be, day by day,
 Each of us but acting his part ;
 Each in this life some role will play,
 Though burdened be the heart.
 What each suffers 'twere vain to ask,
 The currents of life like streams will flow ;
 Before the world each wears a mask,
 What it covers only we know.

Calcutta, 29th April, 1912.

162. LIFE'S PATHWAY.

It's rough to travel on the road of life,
 Many obstacles are met on the way ;
 Some find it hard to reach the end,
 Others find it easy by night or day.
 If you be poor, is there one who'll care ?
 None will ask how you live, or sigh when you die !
 What though rags and tatters you wear ?
 The rich will turn in scorn and pass you by.

In time of distress, trouble or need,
 When burdened with your share of grief and woe,
 When you feel forlorn and downhearted,
 Ashamed to either beg or borrow,
 You may meet *one* friend who will be kind,
 When you deem yourself left alone ;
 Remember when he helps you in your need :
 " Strangers are at times better than your own."

Calcutta, 14th May, 1912.

163. THE DEPRAVED WOMAN.

WOMAN of mis'ry ; who in past years
 Smiled at all dangers, sorrows and fears ;
 Confident none thy virtue could lure,
 Determined throughout to remain pure.

Daughter of mis'ry yet one lured thee
 With tales of brave deeds of chivalry.
 It awoke thy heart, which was asleep,
 Then thy virtue all fled—aye, now weep.

Ah ! thy vanity had cast thee down,
 Thy friends of childhood now pass and frown,
 Where was thy resolve ? melted in air !
 Thy soul is now filled with deep despair.

None be near to soothe thee in sorrow,
 Thou'rt in want, but ashamed to borrow,
 Thy future blank ! O the awful blot !
 Weep ! but tears cannot alter thy lot.

With smiles thou'lt lure others to thine arms,
 Sporting thy figure and graceful charms.
 Sad is thy chance—O that fatal day !
 This living shall soon wear thee away.

The one who lured thee from innocence,
Has left thee without a recompense.
Thou art an outcast ! shunned by all ;
An orphan :—none now pities thy fall.

Why live ?—for sad is thy prospect here,
None be near to whisper words of cheer.
Once thou wert happy—'twas long ago,
Now all thy hopes are dead here below.

Thou'lt look old and haggard in thy prime,
Thy lovers all shall loathe thee in time.
When death shall fold thee in its embrace,
None thy grave with their presence shall grace.

But what of him who brought thee to this ?
Ah ! he is happy in his wedded bliss.
God ! is this justice ? why should it be ?
Man is happy, woman in mis'ry !

But so 'twill ever be to the end,
World shuns women, yet men 'twill befriend.
Though of her honour here she is shorn,
She'll receive justice before God's throne.

Calcutta, 5th July, 1912.

164. ODE TO MISFORTUNE.

WHY do you follow me so everywhere ?
Can you not see my soul's filled with despair ?
Why torment me as you do ?
Are there not many more older than I ?
For them happy years have flitted by,
Why do you not pursue them so ?
For years you have stoutly tortured me,
Your face no more I wish to see :
Go, leave me now in peace !
I am young, let me live awhile,
A few more years. Go, others beguile !
Your pranks upon me cease.

Calcutta, 6th July, 1912.

165. TO SOLITUDE.

Give me my lone cottage, a crust of bread ;
 I would live there content till I am dead.
 Away ! Away ! from the world and its strife,
 Amid sweet nature I'd live out my life.
 No more to think, sigh or moan,
 Or wail in agony. Were I alone,
 I would not then brood ;
 It would indeed be sweet to live like this,
 Life would to me be an unhallowed bliss,
 In my solitude.
 Though if I could have but one single friend
 To share solitude with me to the end ;
 To whom I would whisper as oft we meet ;
 " This living is life, solitude is sweet ! "

Calcutta, 7th July, 1912

166. THE STAGE.

LIFE is full of acting,	One poses as a fool.
'This world is but a stage ;	Another as a sage.
Like a book 'tis written :	If we thought ere acting,
A history on each page.	There'd be fewer on the stage

Calcutta, 8th July, 1912.

167. ODE TO MONEY.

" Men work for money, fight for it, beg for it, steal for it, lie for it, starve for it, and die for it. And all the while, from the cradle to the grave Nature and God are thundering in our ears the solemn question : " What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul ? " This madness for money is the strongest and lowest of the passions ; it is the insatiate Moloch of the human heart, before whose remorseless altar all the finer attributes of humanity are sacrificed. It makes merchandise of all that is sacred in human affections ; and even traffics in the awful solemnities of the eternal world."

DICK DONOVAN.

In "The Gold Spinner."

OH, thou base metal ! What power is thine ?
All kings here below thou dost outshine
" Bread is the staff of life," 'tis been said,
But without thee none can get even bread.

The man who owns millions laughs at all,
Both monarch and poor before him crawl.
He is a welcome guest everywhere,
Everyone at him with envy stare.

What though he be a prig or a bore ?
He is well received at every door.
E'en though his face is not impressive,
And his manners far too oppressive.

So long as the ' tin ' he can display,
All for him will gladly make way.
From none he need a favour demand,
Everything here below he'll command.

Man lives in ease, but it is known,
He lives thus by thy power alone.
But he's not free from mis'ry and care.
Of these he also has his full share.

'Thy creatures leap not but express a feast,
Thy favourite, though he were a beast,
Could mate with the loveliest maid on earth
'Cause by millions she judges his worth.

Things common, are considered but cheap.
But that which is rare all mortals keep.
How smooth are silks—high in estimation,
Unlike stones, they make no foundation.

All things on earth have their several ways.
Yet they all unite to give thee praise ;
Nothing craves for thee but only man,
For thee his friend he'll kill if he can.

Who hath praise enough?—nay, who hath any?
All praise is thine, thy slaves are many.
All mortals do work at thy command,
Thou canst supply thine every demand.

Thy cupboard serves the world : the meat is set ;
All do smile, who at thy board have met,
How finely dost thou our dest'ny spin,
Those whom thou favour'st most must win.

Nations all go to war for thy sake,
All that the victor can get, she'll take.
Oh the great power that thou dost wield,
Even o'er men on the battlefield !

He that loseth all his gold is cross,
He wails, and he moans over his loss.
But he that drops across a silver vein,
He looks and smiles, and looks once again.

The man who is poor may starving lie,
None will care if he lives or he die.
The maid will sell her sweet charms for thee,
And vow thy slave she will ever be.

The men, who to depraved women go,
Miss all the sweets of life here below ;
He not only loses all he hath,
But health also goes and then comes death !

They gamble not in Monte alone,
Everywhere thou art this vice is known.
Women and men, in all spheres of life,
Join in all its pleasures and its strife.

Now one's caught cheating—there is a fight !
The women they scream —and well they might ;
A man will strike the cheat on the face,
A shot is heard !—then death's disgrace !

For thee all gamble with cards and dice,
For thee the women are steeped in vice.
When miseries on them thou hast wrought,
To drown them, King Alcohol they sought.

That monarch, he also does demand
His own blood-money from every hand.
Thus mortals steep still deeper in sin,
And now their troubles truly begin

This Ruler has no pity, he entwines
His grip round all who drink his wines.
Like the ship tossed helpless on the sea,
So such human wrecks on earth there be.

Then wife and children all starve to death,
Man loses his all—his wealth and health.
He is that Tyrant's obedient slave,
Until he's led to a drunkard's grave.

Sin and Satan are in league with thee,
Together ye tempt your victims freely.
Then they cry aloud—"Ah, fata day!
'Why did we bow beneath thy sway?"

Oh foolish man! where, where are thine eyes?
'Thy slumber be deep, awake, arise!
Give answer—"What use to thee is wealth,
When thou lovest thine all and thy health?"

Thou, base metal let thy victims go,
They'll not care for thee, if they but know
That all these years thou didst make them sin,
Now their reward beyond cannot win.

Thou, like Satan, sayest thou'lt away,
If mortals follow thee not each day;
Yet thy reasons indeed are so true,
To end of time thee they will pursue.

Money thou art base—a source of woe ;
 We know that thy parentage is low.
 Thou wert dragged with dirt from the mine,
 But now thou dost shine so fresh and fine.

Thou hast the face of man, we gave thee right
 To rule in tyranny, strike with might.
 Mortals call thee wealth, but do not see
 That thou art Man, and thy slaves they be.

Pride, Vanity, Greed, Vice and Conceit,
 Drink, Crime, Murder, Suicide, and Deceit,
 All follow in thy wake, then comes Sin,
 Whom Death grips and then Satan walks in !

Kings own *their* sway, but *thy* sway is wide.
 In every corner thou dost abide.
 But there be One thy pow'rs will dispel ;
 And He alone shall ring thy death knell.

Calcutta, 9th July, 1912.

168. WHEN MY LADY SPEAKS.

ALL with bated breath must listen,
 Eyes with intelligence glisten,
 When my lady speaks
 When she should give out a command,
 Strict obedience she will demand,
 When my lady speaks.
 Should you disobey—woe is me !
 Her temper then shall roused be,
 When my lady speaks.
 On her errands you'll have to go,
 Or else her vengeance she will show,
 When my lady speaks.
 Should she decide that black is white,
 You must agree that she is right,
 When my lady speaks.
 No use for you her schemes to thwart,
 She'll shoot at you her glaring dart,
 When my lady speaks !

Calcutta, 10th July, 1912.

169. VOICES FROM THE DEEP.

(Touching on the disaster of the "Titanic").

DAY is o'er, as we sail along
'Midst the Atlantic Ocean deep ;
Soon the starred skies will be o'er us
And most of us shall rest in sleep.

Who knew the fate in store for us ?
Who dreamed most would soon sleep their last ?
Who knew their souls, ere dawn of day,
Into Etern'ty would have past ?

The great liner glided along
In her full glory and her pride ;
She foresaw not her awful doom :
That she'd sink in that ocean wide.

But when her bow an iceberg struck,
No one with excitement did rave ;
All was total calm even when
She slowly sank into her grave.

Those who were doomed to suffer death,
Prayed for the last time fervently ;
While the band played on that sad strain,
Strain of " Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Not a fetter was there to bind,
Love and thought now loose all their spell ;
Friends and kindred we left behind,
Prisoners of content, farewell :

O ! the ag'ny of the moment !
As wife was dragged from husband's breast ;
Children parted from their fathers,
From the parents who loved them best.

Women, who by their dear ones stood,
To you be all honour and praise ;
Let your sisters to your glory,
A monument on God's earth raise.

But enough !—the sight is sad,
Let the ocean fulfill its behest ;
Let her now close her waves o'er us
 And give us all eternal rest.

When thou pourest thy warmth, great sun,
 We shall be many fathoms deep ;
Let day come white, or night come black,
 We shall rest in eternal sleep.

But soft, sink low, wait for awhile,
 Hush thy billows, thou husky noised sea !
 List to that strain, softer growing,
 Strain of " Nearer, my God, to Thee.

We must be still, still to listen,
 With sustained breath to that melody ;
 How sweet it sounds in our last hour !
 Be we be " Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Wave after wave melts before us
 Into the heart of lonely night,
 Soon, soon they will sweep over us,
 Ere the sun once again shines bright.

Praise the fathomless universe !
 Thy praise with one voice proclaim we,
 As the arms of enfolding death
 Leads us " Nearer, my God to Thee."

Voices are hushed, rescuers gone,
 With those saved that night on the sea ;
 But those lost have now reached their goal
 And are nearer our God than we.

They themselves are now at rest,
 Their sufferings at least were brief ;
 While the living, who now remain,
 Their hearts are full of woe and grief.

Silent thoughts of Time, Space and Death
 And that unknown Eternity,
 Will crowd on us till our lives end,
 Then we too shall be near to Thee.

Calcutta, 11th July, 1912.

170. A PLEA AGAINST INTERVENTION.

WHEN the Muse calls and beckons me,
 To her side I eagerly flee ;
 But you would bid me stay away
 And not foolishly waste my day.
 Does not the time, that thus we spend,
 Improve the mind at every bend ?
 For where could we for pastime go,
 When there is naught better to do ?

If we were to desert the Muse,
 To call her back would be no use,
 Lost would be the all-composing hour
 The Muse would not obey our pow'r.
 All our fancies would then decay,
 Like varying rainbows die away.
 No amount of wit we may employ
 Could the Muse to our side decoy.

Like the water puts out the fire,
 Each thought from our minds expire.
 All ideas then flee from the brain,
 Lost once, they'll ne'er return again ;
 So while the inspiration lives
 And the Muse her assistance gives ;
 At these moments do not intervene,
 Let me go her ideas to glean.

Calcutta, 12th July, 1912.

171. TO A FLY.

O, THOU tormenter of mankind !
Thou art only a creature small ;
Beware ! do not harass my mind,
Lest evil to thee befall.
Little Fly there are many things
On which alight and rest thy wings.
Why wilt thou not leave me alone ?
Though irksome thou art, I refrain
From touching thee—though I complain ;
But ere my ire shall rise, begone !
Thy nature is that of a mule,
But if thou persist thou'rt a fool ;
For I may raise a hasty hand
And thus end thy career on land.

Calcutta, 13th July, 1912.

172. TO INGRATITUDE.

WHY shouldst thou oppress me so ?
Is not my cup too full of woe ?
I'm yet young, but laden with care,
Not a kind word is breath'd in the air !
The kindness I've to others shown,
Are acknowledged, alas, by none !
Such then thy methods are.
Dumb creatures who kindness receive,
Are more grateful I do believe
Than mortals are, by far !
The more we do the worst we're thought
By all the multitude ;
All our kind deeds appear as naught
To thee Ingratitude !

Calcutta, 14th July, 1912

173. THE MOTOR CAR.

I SEE at night two eyes ablaze,—
 'Tis thy large fiery eyes;
 I hear the throbbing of thy heart,
 The throb of mine replies.

Thou rush'st in thy mad career
 Away into the gloom;
 But stay! some one lies on the road—
 Thy one leap seals his doom!

But still away; thou canst not stop
 And to thy victim tend—
 Until a deafening crash is heard,—
 'Tis thine own journey's end.

Calcutta, 18th July, 1912.

174. A MOTHER'S LOVE.

When you, who now to manhood years grown,
 In your solitude do think and muse,—
 Of that happy day when you were born,—
 One bitter thought your mind must diffuse,—
 Bitter indeed!—Had you realised
 That you were playing a tyrant's part?
 When the one, you dearly should have prized,
 You allowed to die of broken heart?

You wail o'er your folly—now you weep?
 Of what avail? She'll not come again:
 In her grave she rests in slumber deep,
 Your repentance and tears are but vain.
 In that age of innocence and smiles
 With tender solitude she watched you;
 When every hour new delight beguiles,
 She'd always join in your frolics too.

And as she dressed you one fatal morn,—
 Fatal to you that bright morn did seem ;—
 For to school you were reluctant borne,
 There you received knowledge's first gleam.
 At first you drudged with toil and with pain—
 'Twas when your early teachings began—
 In the vestibule of learning's name
 That mother she helped you all she can.

Alas ! had that mother only thought,
 Through all those anxious, revolving years,
 All the ills that learning often wrought,
 She'd been spared those vale of bitter tears.
 Your companions had led you stray,
 How often to mother you were rude ;
 Though she rebuked you day after day,
 You always refused to be subdued.

And when through all those swift fleeting years
 You, with sorrow, beheld old age shed—
 Helped by her anxiety and tears—
 Its flanking honours o'er her gray head,
 Even then you behaved, as in youth,
 Ungratefully, alas ! to the end ;
 And you shrank from your duty, forsooth,
 Pride would not, even then, your heart bend.

When conscience prompted her griefs assuage,
 By your conduct you added thereto.
 And as she—declining with old age—
 Saw her end was near, she forgave you.
 She was to you indeed a dear friend,
 Night and day over you she would brood ;
 Now, that her lone life is at an end,
 Who'll ask for you with solicitude ?

And then, when your end is drawing near,
 How will you answer to Him above,
 Of your treatment to her who was dear,—
 The mother who gave you all her love.
 Shame on such who cannot estimate
 A mother's fond love and solicitude.
 We must not, as we enter man's state,
 Repay such love with ingratitude.

Calcutta, 21st July, 1912.

175. LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE.

WHERE were these words heard first by you ?
Why, the photographer had told you so,
While you sat before his camera,
And put on a face so full of woe.

" Look pleasant, please ! " are words that should
Be engraven deep in every heart ;
They are beautiful words, yet how few
Realise what they seem to impart.

" Look pleasant, please ! " should be a motto
Adopted by man and woman too ;
If we act up to them we shall find
They'd ever help and guide me and you.

When you have with reverses met,
Or dealt a blow by misfortune's hand ;
Tis no use to pine, no use to fret,
None by you, in your sorrow will stand.

'Tis no use to knit a scowling brow,
'Tis no use to grieve or to sigh :
For if you do, the world will laugh
At your folly, and pass you by.

The dreams of your mind's ambition
May have all faded from your sight ;
Darkness may surround your years of life
And veil the gleam of hope and light.

And when you are ill, laid up in bed,
Gripped by the hand of fatal disease ;
'Twould not alter your state a bit
Then why moan ? just look pleasant, please !

Whatever ills befall you through life,
A troubled look will not cure the pain ;
Each person has troubles of his own,
To seek sympathy would be vain.

I know 'tis hard to gulp feelings down,
To hide your tears and force a smile ;
But the world loves sham, don't you see,
So look pleasant, please, all the while.

Perhaps your smile may help to inspire
Another soul fraught with deeper sorrow ;
He too will appear happy and pass on
That smile he from you did borrow.

Karachi, 15th September 1912.

176. TO SOLITUDE.

I HAD sought for thee through years past,
Thou hast indeed come to me at last.
But thou hast brought no joys with thee,
All thou gavest is woe to me.

I sought not for thee in this state,
I asked to have a friend as mate ;
To whom, whenever we would meet,
I'd whisper, "Solitude is sweet."

Away then, I need thee no more,
Leave me, do not again cross my door !
Go far away to the other end,
And bring me back that single friend.

I cannot live and ever brood,
For thou'rt not sweet, O solitude !
Then get thee hence for pity's sake,
Abide not else my heart will break.

If thou must stay, then let me go,
No peace of mind thus I shall know.
Let me free, I can no longer stay
I'll get back to friends far away.

Then I was happy with them all,
All those months I ever recall.
Come not near, I am in no mood,
To humour thy pranks, O solitude !

Karachi, 17th September, 1912.

177. THE WASTED YEARS.

SEE the wastage of devouring years !
Spent with solitude, quenched in tears.
Time fleeth, so have all these years flown,
By experience I have wiser grown.

But what use wisdom, when Freedom fled ?
What holds the Future, when Hope is dead ?
Naught can matter now, life can wane,
Those years of youth shall come not again.

When Love and Pity their strife began,
Ere Matrimony drew me her plan,
Pity conquered, Love left me to pine.
I took Pity and to her was kind.

But she valued not the sacrifice,
She drifted on and got steeped in Vice.
Virtue could not her ideas sway,
Kindness also smouldering lay.

All these good qualities thus subdued,
Then there dawned on me Solitude.
But it brought not Freedom in its wake
The chains of bondage it could not break.

Thus through future years it shall be :
Solitude alone for company.
Not till Death birth to Freedom shall give,
Can I this Life once again live.

Karachi, 18th September, 1912.

178. THE WHITE SLAVE.

“ THOU art deserted, sister,
Tell me why ?
The people shun thee as
They pass by.”

“ Alas ! my story is old,
I was lured,
Deceived, dishonoured and then
Fast secured.”

“ But poor sister, thy parents
Knew they not ?
Thy brother, kindred, no one
For thee sought ? ”

“ To none could I ever tell
My story ;
My degradation to this
Low degree.

I had no choice but to live
As I did.
I knew the world would shun me
So I hid.

Poor women have no chance,
We are lost.
So among human vultures
We are tossed.

Society has cast us,
We must drift ;
Lower in the mire of sin
We must shift.

Until we're gripped by disease
And thus lie,
Praying for forgiveness, peace,
Ere we die.”

I knew she spoke but the truth,—
Ah ! 'tis sad !
Can we not save these victims
From the cad ?

Will society deny
 Them a place ?
 Will the nation not wipe out
 This disgrace ?

Bombay. 14th September, 1913.

179. FRIENDSHIP.

FRIEND ! 'Tis but a simple word,
 But how many its purpose understand ?
 We all have friends of sorts, you know,
 There are many such in this land.
 But how many, may I question,
 Will adhere to you to the end ?
 In poverty or glad in trouble or woe,
 Will stand by to succour and defend.

These, alas ! are few and far between,
 In a hundred perhaps there's one :
 Very often to your cost you'll find,
 When your days of poverty have begun,
 These so-called friends will pass you by,
 They'll heed no message you may send ;
 He, that helps you in your need,
 Is your true and generous friend.

So, as in this world each of us,
 Wends his weary ways along,
 Some will be burdened with grief,
 Others'll be full of laughter and song.
 But if the poor shall seek your aid,
 Stretch forth to him a helping hand ;
 For the day will come—one never knows,
 When you also may need a friend.

Calcutta, 19th September, 1912.

180. LIBERTY.

'TWERE vain to fathom the bottomless sea,
To tell how many coral caves there be ;
As deep is the sorrow that weighs my mind,
No mortal can ever my grief divine.

If these fetters that now bind me, you see,
Could but be broken and I be free,
I'd be happy, as in youth, once again,
And shout with joy, " Life is sweet, and not vain ! "

Watch now the stream how it glides at its will,
Yet, man though I be, I'm in bondage still.
Lingering, wandering on, loth to die,
While smiling faces, ever pass me by.

While all flowers enjoy the air they breathe,
My soul is encased like the sword in its sheath.
Who doomed me to go in company with pain,
When I yearn for relief, but all in vain ?

Ah ! If mortals would only my life scan,
What a warning 'twould be to thoughtless man !
I've heard it said, " Sleep is the friend of woe,"
But no, 'tis the happy that call it so.

What consolation can my heart receive ?
I can but a single hope perceive : [breadth:
I have three firm friends through this length and
Myself, my Maker and the angel Death.

Now myself I know to be what I am,
Before the world I live a life of sham ;
In my Maker I've always had my trust,
And I know Death claims each life as it must.

But ere Death steps in to claim its just due,
I must taste life's pleasures as others do.
So God, I prithee set my fetters free,
I ask naught else of thee, but Liberty !

Karachi, 19th September, 1912

181. THE RADIANT LIGHT.

(In reply to a friend who urged the author on his gloomy broodings, and besought him to compose poems on brighter and livelier subjects.)

You chose, my friend, to urge on me,
Treating my moods with hilarity;
But were you placed in my sphere,
Your bark in even course you'd steer.

You urge me to cheer up a bit,
To write on happy thoughts to wit.
But can you heal wounds with a touch?
Then will you do for me as much?

A soul so filled with grief and pain
Must needs express its sad refrain.
Unless the root that gnaws that grief
Is removed, there'd be no relief.

Do you behold yon morning star
How brightly it gleams from afar?
Can you use wit or brutal force
To stay that star in its steep course?

So a mind, like mine, full of woe,
Can no happiness ever know.
Feelings are expressed from the heart,
When 'tis sad no joy 'twill impart.

Perhaps the day not distant lies,
When tears no more shall dim my eyes;
But joy glimmers not on my mind,
Yet Light of Hope is left behind.

Karachi, 20th September, 1912.

182. THE TRUE TEST.

THOUGH friends shall part, as part we all must,
 You'd soon know the friend who is sincere ;
 Not by his smile or shaking of hands,
 But the test of friendship is a tear.
 When lovers at parting plight their vows
 Beneath the bright moonlight sky so clear ;
 'Tis not kisses that will bind their love,
 'Tis only when each one drops a tear.

When a beggar knocks at your door,
 And charity whispers in your ear ;
 The man who feelingly gives his mite,
 Whose compassion is stirred by a tear,
 Is the one who is noble of heart,
 Among his compatriot is no peer.
 He's Samaritan who aids his foe,
 Who bathes his ev'ry wound with a tear.

Friends who smile but only to deceive,
 Are not faithful though they so appear ;
 Give me the heart that will softly sigh,
 For that is the heart that rings clear.
 He loves his God who truly repents
 When a few more hours are left him here ;
 His sins will be forgiven indeed,
 For God knows he's earnest and sincere.

Karachi, 24th September, 1912.

183. WHAT SHE SAID.

" I LOOKED out of the window," at eve,
 I saw " The Sweetest girl in Dixie."
 " She ain't a bit like other girls," I thought,
 And decided, " She's the girl for me."

Once more " Round the Bandstand in the Park "
 That same pretty little girl I met,
 I said, " There is nobody just like you,"
 And she snappishly answered, " you bet, "

"I can offer you a cosy flat,"
 'Cause "I want no other girl but you,"
 "Isn't that like a man," she replied,
 "After all "Any old thing will do."

Then in her ear I softly whispered
 "The sweetest story ever told."
 "I wonder now which you do care for,"
 She musingly asked me, "Love or Gold".

"Can't you see I want you to be my girl?"
 I replied, "I've got a feeling for you,"
 "Just kiss yourself good-bye," she answered,
 "Sleep and forget" is "All you've got to do."

Bombay, 2nd July, 1913.

184. THE BROKEN LINK.

THE circle is broken, the sword is drawn,
 Out of brotherly love, hatred is born.
 Over the bright sun a black cloud has passed,
 The "Flag of Defiance" now waves on the mast.

Yet in years gone by Hope led them along,
 Now Hope wavers because Hatred grows strong.
 There were days when the sympathetic mind
 Exulted in the good of all mankind.

Alas! Sympathy no longer prevails,
 Prejudice drove her and now she bewails.
 Had not Christian doctrine always taught
 "Love thy neighbour?" and so you ought.

Pride prompts man to overvalue his worth;
 'Twere better far had she died at her birth.
 See the fruits grown of the seeds she has sown:
 Love and Unity are wither'd, Strife born!

Remember this world is a fleeting show,
 Tend to thy soil let others their own sow;
 Rather help the weak with thy hands and brain,
 Crush Pride and Hatred, let Love rule again.

Stay! it Progress is what thou dost desire,
 Then leave the burning flame, play not with fire.
 For the torture it inflicts is but hell,
 When more is felt than one has power to tell.

"We Christians ought ever to promote
 Unity among all", so some one wrote.
 'Tis the highest degree in Templary,
 'Tis akin to the noblest chivalry.

Act upto what thou preachest, my brother ;
 Know what thou feelest so does the other.
 No matter what his colour or creed be,
 If thou art human, why then, so is he !

The Demon haunts thee, so the other ;
 Thou feelest its fangs, so does he, my brother.
 If thou layest claim to human pity,
 Let thy neighbour receive some sympathy.

Why shake thy head, to bitterness give vent ?
 The day'll dawn when thou shalt surely repent.
 A bitter wine upon the sponge that's coarse,
 Thou'lt realise, was the savour of Remorse.

Bombay, 28th July, 1913.

185. LOST AMBITION.

'Twas as a lad when first I did
 At the desk my career begin;
 My aspirations did not bid
 For fame, or higher posts to win.

Childlike I toiled on and on,
 The future to me seemed naught;
 On the chess-board of life, a pawn
 I moved without a plan or thought.

The years of youth went fitting by,
 I allowed them to pass one by one ;
 One day came a change, hope beat high,
 Ambition's work had now begun !

New energy now filled my soul,
 New hope within my heart did loom ;
 I strove to reach that happy goal,
 When life would be a hallowed bloom.

From morn till night I racked my brain,
 Thinking how I may win success.
 My friends thought all my efforts vain,
 I doubted too, could they do less ?

In vain I tried for future bliss,
 Alas ! 'twere useless e'en to try ;
 For 'twas time spent it seems amiss,
 'Tis tired me out, I know not why.

Now as I watch the twilight creep,
 And the sun sinking in the west ;
 I long to close my eyes in sleep,
 And give my tired limbs a rest.

Yet 'midst the tumult of this life,
 Who cares for one poor soul forlorn ?
 The world is full of endless strife,
 Each has some troubles of his own.

So the world ever jogs along,
 Let day come white or night come black,
 We must follow where goes the throng,
 We must keep pace and not fall back.

Toil on thou weary, cheer thy heart,
 Dark clouds cannot hover for long ;
 Sunshine shall beam when clouds depart,
 Then life shall be one endless song

Bombay, 16th August 1913.

186. THE VERDICT.

Two men sat discussing one day,
 Their converse was grave and low ;
 They were estimating what lay
 Betwixt our lives here below.

" There are naught but stars overhead,
And below the silent grave,
And between a dream—how soon fled !—
Like unto the rushing wave."

He waved both his hands in despair,
And wanted to hear the other :

" Nay, say not that lives are but vain,
But list to me my brother:

The things we see are not alone,
The end. 'Tis the earthly goal ;
Thy philosophy be it known,
Rends all the hope of thy soul.

There's yet the gleam of future light,
Though the grave with grass is green ;
The soul lives, the after looms bright,
And so do we all live between.

Bombay, 19th August, 1913.

187. SYMPATHY.

List to the music wafted in the air
Bright lights are flashing, all is gay over there ;
Now you will hear a laughter, now a song,
So it will ever be—all the life long.

Laugh, and you'll hear the echo everywher ;
Sigh, but there'll be none who your grief will share.
Feast, and you will have many a friend,
Fast, and your days in solitude will end.

Were you poor, the world would pass you by,
Beg, none would help, though you starving lie !
If you are in pain, who will hear your cries ?
None, but God alone can sympathise.

Bombay, 13th September, 1913.

188. MUH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

(Referring to criticisms applied to Miss Maud Allen's visit.)

How they rave about the *danscuse* !
 How they foam with rage ! How they abuse !
 Why, good people, do ye raise this cry,
 When none on Maud have clapped an eye ?
 Reserve your judgment, at least awhile,
 Let not critics your verdict beguile,
 First you must to the Opera go,
 And when you have witnessed the show,
 Perhaps you'll be ready to admit
 Public opinion has harder hit.
 Then in your criticisms you'll pause,
 And instead greet Miss Maud with applause.
 What is gentler than the summer wind ?—
 More soothing than the heart that is kind ?
 Stop to think, life is but a day,
 A dewdrop on its perilous way.
 Ere you raise an alarm wait and see,
 Dear sisters, what her dance shall be.
 Condemn not the *danscuse* off-hand ;
 The vilest wretch a trial will demand.

Bombay, 17th September, 1913.

189. TO THE MOON.

O MOON ! Thou mother of light,
 That outshines the stars at night ;
 Couldst thou but speak
 Of all thou seest with thine eyes,
 Of lovers vows, hopes and sighs,
 And maidens weak.
 'Twas when first I met my love,
 Thou didst smile from above ;
 Didst thou know that so soon
 We'd be parted like this, O Moon ?
 Now with thee my vigil I keep,
 But no companion is by.
 Mem'ry is stirred that was asleep
 And will haunt me till I die.

Bombay, 23rd September, 1913.

190. MY WANTS.

I WANT only one faithful friend
 To cheer me in my solitude.
 From the gossip of world defend
 And the jeers of the multitude.

I want the genius to conceive
 The faults and virtues of each man.
 I want the insight to perceive
 That each of our lives is a span.

I want but the power to plead
 The cause of the poor and the weak;
 The means to help all those in need,
 And these are all the wants I seek.

Stay! one more want, absorbing all—
 Pray do not think it very odd—
 Is, when I answer the last call,
 Mercy and forgiveness of God!

Bombay, 27th September, 1913.

191. TO SLEEP

THOU art the soothing balm of woe,
 Welcome to all, shunned by none.
 A messenger of peace to one
 Whom misfortune has dealt a blow.

To a heart that's so prone to pine,
 Thou art its gleam and its sunshine;
 To a body that's sore with pain,
 Thou art its sheltering domain.

To the one who's ever bereft
 Of peace and happiness on earth;
 To the murderer who's a wett
 Thou'rt always an abiding hearth.

A chamber blind to eyes that weep,
 Deaf to noise of the multitude.
 Thou'rt a conqueror of grief, O Sleep!
 A companion to solitude!

Bombay, 5th October, 1913.

192. ETERNITY.

GOOD-BYE, World ! I am leaving thee
 For the Unknown Eternity.
 In thy haven I knew Sorrow,
 But shall find peace on the morrow.

I shall leave behind me Conceit,
 A false Pride. Love, Greed and Deceit :
 I shall not their company mourn,
 When I stand safe before God's throne.

Good-bye, World ! ever false thou art,
 Vanity and Sham are thy part.
 My Body I leave in thy clay,
 'Twill join my Soul on judgment day.

Bombay, 6th October, 1913.

193. TO SORROW.

O SORROW !
 What do I not to thee owe ?
 This pale face, these sunken eyes,
 The tears that unbidden rise,
 These streaks of hairs turning gray,
 This form drooping to decay.

O Sorrow !
 What do I not to thee owe ?
 This heart so broken with grief,
 These sighs that bring no relief,
 The sleepless nights that I pass,
 The sad thoughts haunt me, alas !

O Sorrow !
 Canst thou not leave me and go ?
 Let me behold the sunshine,
 Let me not thus droop and pine.
 Will my grief be without end ?
 Wilt thou not in pity bend ?

O Sorrow !
 Why dost thou pursue me so ?
 Thou hast made me lose my all,
 Dost thou desire my downfall ?
 Has then my crime been so great,
 That thou canst not thine ire abate ?

O Sorrow !
 Come thou not on the morrow !
 Here come Hope and Sympathy,
 They shall defend me from thee !
 Hail ! ye good angels, draw nigh,—
 Sorrow, I bid thee good-bye !

Bombay, 6th October 1913.

194. ALL IS VANITY.

"VANITY of vanities," the Preacher said,
 "All, all is vanity," so have we read ;
 When ye labour and toil, say, what be your gain ?
 For when ye die, all your earnings remain.

So it is with all things, nature knows her way,
 Each has its allotted part day by day.
 Generation may come, generation go,
 The sun shall always rise and the wind blow.

Though the rivers all run into the sea,
 It seems strange that the sea no fuller be.
 But the reason is not difficult to explain,
 From whence rivers come there they empty again.

The wonders that we all behold in our day,
 Existed before in years past, so some say :
 The Telephone, Wireless, the Maxim gun,
 These were known, naught be new under the sun.

That which is crooked cannot straight be made,
 That which is deficient, none can ever add.
 What use is wealth, popularity or fame ?
 All that thou shalt leave is an empty name.

Beauty, what is beauty ? this will also fade,
 Fame shall only last another decayed.
 And all this wisdom what canst thou find in it ?—
 Vanity and vexation of spirit.

Knowledge is power ? Nay ! it increaseth sorrow,
 Live in this to-day, think not of the morrow.
 "Ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise,"
 Act in boldness of spirit, leave off surmise.

"Rise, then, my soul, take comfort from thy sorrow,
 "Life without thought, the day without the morrow,
 "God on the Cross bestow'd," so wrote Lytton ;
 Our Saviour spoke contrary. So 'tis written :

"Think not of morrow, sufficient unto the day
 Is the evil thereof," thus did He say.
 Hence in spite of all, I still maintain
 All is Vanity, life itself is vain.

Bombay, 7th October, 1913.

195. MY THIRTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY.

(7th October, 1913)

SISTER, awake ! close not your eyes,
 Watch the stars fade one by one ;
 The morn is here, awake, arise !
 The sun is up, day has begun.
 'Twas just a day as bright as this,
 In eighteen seventy-seven ;
 I was born 'midst ignorance bliss,
 At the hour of half past eleven.

Queen Victoria was crowned that year
 As India's Empress, by God's grace.
 Thirty-six long years have flown clear ;
 How much has happened in that space !
 I cannot say that I have won
 In the stirring race of life's game ;
 There is nothing that I have done
 Has earned me wealth, honour or fame.

And yet who knows the future dark ?
 Perhaps the world I'll yet astound !
 While of Hope's fires there be a spark,—
 Blame not my Lute, for it must sound.
 Till now I have lived with Sorrow,
 But Ambition shall still outlive.
 Sorrow may quit on the morrow
 And its place to Happiness give.

Bombay, 7th October, 1913.

196. MY COMPANIONS.

Who said I was living alone ?
 Who said Despair made my features worn ?
 Come, Sorrow, tell these, how long were you
 With me, and all that we used to do.

Come, Misery, we've known each other
 As sisters know a dear brother ;
 Have we not lived and slept in one home ?
 We shall be companions for years to come.

Come, Woe, you too in my solitude
 Cheered me. I owe you my gratitude :
 When ye all came to me, Pleasure died,
 Love met the same fate and then I cried.

Ah ! you three tried hard to comfort me,
 Most indulgent, though, was Misery.
 But when Anguish ye one day did meet,
 My company then was most complete.

But all your combined endeavours fail
 To bring colour to my cheeks so pale,
 To make my eyes dance with happiness,
 And remove from my heart my distress.

When that heart, so tired out, is sleeping,
 You all sit round, watching and weeping.
 Tears are your lot, your hearts are so cold,
 Not a spark of Sympathy they hold.

Misery, Sorrow, Anguish, and Woe,
 Why did I court your company so ?
 You came not to feast when I was wed,
 Yet ye shall follow me till I'm dead.

And since 'tis destined that I shall be
 Ever moving in your company,
 Clasp me, hold me fast, till these eyes may
 Close in deep sleep that shall last away !

Bombay, 9th October, 1913.

REPLY TO "MY COMPANIONS."

The above Poem (My Companions) was first published in the *Indian Spectator* of Bombay, on 1st November, 1913 and a following reply was published in the same journal of 5th December, 1913 by Baroness Violet de Malortie, Oxford.

DESPAIR, we will not give thee house-room, Go !
 Ah Misery ! let Mercy kiss thy tears !
 In solitude who could be cheered by Woe ?
 Pleasure and Love so poor, they spoke of fears,
 And then both died,—No, Love can never die !
 It is immortal—spreads from race to race :
 'Tis drawn from one who lives beyond the sky,
 I tell thee this—who never saw thy face—
 Yet heard thy moan, thy spirit's sad intent
 Borne over distant seas by wind at play.
 Who told me grief would sleep if innocent,
 And joy when pray'd for, came from heaven to stay ?
 Begone Despair ! with all thy haggard crew,
 For when I suffer,—there's no need for you.

197. MEMORY.

Go thou, there others be In whose hearts, Memory, Thou shalt make thee a nest ; For I am in no mood Over my past to brood, Leave this abandoned breast.	Go ! hide in oblivion, My heart is overrun With sore, depressing grief ; Therefore, thy company Will increase misery And bring me no relief.
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Bombay, 9th October, 1913.

198. THE COURSE OF AMBITION.

I STRIVE on to write poetry
 Not because I seek after fame ;
 I have no ambition, you see,
 To earn a Poet Laureate's name.

Others can grow rich, become great,
 The world may think that they are wise ;
 I cannot hope at any rate
 Ever to their positions rise.

I write not because 'tis my desire
 To be a Byron or Shakespeare ;
 To no such fame I aspire,
 I prefer much my humble sphere.

No wealth can I e'er hope to earn,
 Nor title, name or position,
 Pride cannot my poor dull head turn
 Or stir up in me ambition.

Let conquering heroes triumphs raise,
 Let fools and knaves after them rave ;
 Let me live in peace all my days,
 Fame can follow me to my grave.

Bombay, 12th October, 1913.

199. THE FALL OF FAME.

MAN, who seeks happiness on earth,
 Who yields to pleasures and mirth ;
 Who strives to glorify his name,
 By deeds of valour and fame,
 Knowest thou not thy life has a lease,
 Which grim death alone shall release ?
 Then why search for perpetual good ?
 Behold, where glorious cities stood—
 There's ruin or no trace to be found,
 The spot with new sites now abound.
 Where's the place of antiquity ?
 It lives not e'en in mem'ry.
 What have great monarchs left behind ?
 An empty name is all we find.

Happy the man, and he alone,
 Who can call to-day his own ;
 To-morrow for him may not be,
 Yet to-day he has been happy.
 Fate deals us both pleasures and strife,
 Making a lottery of each life.

Poor you are, yet your soul you arm ;
 Virtue, though in rags, keeps you warm.
 What does fortune lead in its sway ?
 Misery and strife day by day.

If you give a part, 'tis the same,
 'Twill perhaps buy a titled name.
 Men watch you and with envy sigh,
 Yet you are forgot when you die.
 So to all your greatness farewell !
 These at your death one by one fell.

Then what use to you is your fame,
 If it leaves but an empty name ?
 When the life you lead here beneath,
 Flits like the very air you breathe ?

Bombay. 18th : October, 1913.

200. YOU ASK ME TO FORGET.

You ask me to forget
 All the troubles of the past ;
 You bid me not to fret
 For all things must come right at last.

You ask me to forget,
 But your request, friend, is vain ;
 I try to, but regret
 That thoughts die not but come again.

Khandalla, 19th October, 1913.

201. TO MUSIC.

AH ! What enchantment dost thou possess !
 My sorrows all change to happiness
 When I listen to thy strain.

Pour forth the sound that soothes the lone heart,
 Loosen the notes that so much joys impart
 And thrill through every vein.
 Who cannot value thy gifts divine,
 Is void of all feelings nature inspires ;
 Thou'rt the balm to a heart prone to pine,
 He who owns thy charms naught else desires.
 Thy devotees have all helped to make
 This miserable world cheerful and bright ;
 Helped to make the heaviest heart light,
 Naught can thy enchantment ever break.

Bombay, 22nd October, 1913.

202. PERPLEXED.

My heart is grieved.
 My soul is vexed.
 My body weary,
 My mind perplexed.

But who can tell,
 Right may be left ?
 'Twixt fear and doubt
 My thoughts are cleft.

Two paths diverge—
 To left and right ;
 A voice does urge
 "Traverse the right."

Help me, thou sage !
 Which is which, say ?
 I cannot tell
 The right pathway.

Bombay, 22nd October, 1913.

203. TO-DAY.

NIGHT is gone !—darkness doth wane !
 Soon will dawn another day ;
 And when twilight comes again,
 The day will have passed away.
 But ere that twilight hour falls,
 How will you employ the day ?
 Will the chances that it brings
 You'll allow to slip away ?

But the streamlet that glides on
 Will never again turn your way ;
 So make the most of each hour
 There be in this new born day.

Bombay, 27th October, 1913.

204. KISMET.

SHOULD fortune deal us a blow,
'Tis useless to sit and fret ;
For we know—or ought to know—

'Tis our kismet.

When you see a man of wealth—
Though not massed by honest sweat,
But gained by cunning and stealth,

Yet 'tis kismet.

Another is beaten in,
Alas ! try as he may, yet
No success he'll ever win,

'Tis his kismet.

Where's the use to grieve or sigh ?
What Fate deals, we all shall get !
Avert it ? You need not try,

'Tis but kismet.

Swiftly moves the hand of Time,
Weaving for each one a net ;
Each succeeding hour's chime

Shapes our kismet.

Say what is our lives on earth ?
Is aught worth e'en a regret ?
Death shall still sorrows and mirth ;

Such is kismet.

Then be checrful through the day,
Ere the sun for you shall set ;
Take things as they come and say—

'Tis my kismet.

Bombay, 18th November, 1913-

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 Loosen the notes that so much joys impart
 And thrill through every vein.
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 This mis'erable world cheerful and bright ;
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My soul is vexed.	Right may be left ?
My body weary.	'Twixt fear and doubt
My mind perplexed.	My thoughts are cleft.
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To left and right ;	Which is which, say ?
A voice does urge	I cannot tell
"Traverse the right."	The right pathway.

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 The day will have passed away.
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 Will the chances that it brings
 You'll allow to slip away ?
 But the streamlet that glides on
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Death shall still sorrows and mirth ;

Such is kismet.

Then be cheerful through the day,
Ere the sun for you shall set ;
Take things as they come and say—

'Tis my kismet.

Bombay, 18th November, 1913.

205. A REBUKE.

JUDGE not. Wert thou bound by a chain
 As strong as round his ankles be—
 Enough! Thou sage search thy domain,
 Let others deeds concern not thee.
 What may seem to thee a dark stain,
 May not be so didst thou but know;
 Were thy miseries but a grain
 To his, thou wouldst not judge him so.

Dost thou know his sad history?
 No! Then why dost thou him despise?
 Away! Teach him not in misery,
 Let not thy ire against him rise.
 Wert thou, my friend, placed in like sphere,
 I vow thou wouldst do something worse
 To thyself and those near and dear,
 And thy very existence curse.

Judge not others. Thou canst not know
 The depth of the abyss that he;
 His sin, my friend, may not be so
 Much worse than many more we see.
 Thy life may have its bitter past,
 Thy soul may not be free from blame.
 But if others thou needs must blast,
 Be man enough to sign thy name.

Bombay, 17th April, 1914.

206. TO MIDNIGHT.

SEASON of rest when slumber steals
 Into weary eyes and vision reveals
 The past, the present and the gulf beyond,
 I hail thy coming with delight,
 I yearn to taste the holy calm of night,—
 In vain! a thought on me then dawns;
 Thus pensive I lie, slumber flees!
 Fancy pours her thrilling song;
 Ere I the fleeting thoughts can seize;
 And since for sleep I no more long,

I leave my couch in surly mood,
O'er dark dull thoughts I begin to brood ;
Since to me sweet repose is denied,
My troubles to this sonnet I'll confide.

Bombay. 6th September, 1915.

207. WHY SIGH ?

WHY sigh over chances flown by ?
Why yearn for pleasures past away ?
Can you change your lot if you sigh ?
Can sighing your sorrows allay ?

Behold the sun is shining bright,
But with the twilight it will wane ;
And though darkness shall veil your sky,
Somewhere the sun will shine again.

Then why repine, my pensive friend,
O'er one you can recall no more ?
He's not dead whom you do mourn,
But he has only gone before.

We all shall cross the flood some day
To a sweeter, better land.
Live your life, my friend, while you may,
Ere grim Death grips you by the hand.

Bombay, 7th September, 1915.

208. THE EARLY DAWN.

A STREAK of light through my window steals,
The brightness of another morn reveals ;
The night is o'er and its terrors are gone,
I awake to welcome the early dawn.

The rustling leaves so fresh and gay,
That dance merrily at break of day ;
In fancy I hear the lark's sweet song,
The river's streamlet flowing along.

Gloriously steals forth the bright sunshine,
Revealing all that is beautiful and divine ;
I thank Thee, Lord, on beholding the light,
After the gloominess of a restless night.

Bombay, 8th September, 1915.

209. AFTER THE STORM.

DARK clouds hover where once was all serene,
The storm threatens and thunders in between.
But soon clouds drift, the sky again is blue,
Sweet air blows soft and leaves are moist with dew.
So shall life be mingled with joy and pain :
To-day 'tis tears, next day you smile again.
Welcome day then and banish your sorrow,
Live in this to-day, brood not o'er morrow.
Lo ! birds prune their wings and nightingales sing.
While the vale and forest with echos ring.
Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content
And the fleeting years in happiness spent.

Bombay, 9th September, 1915.

210. THE REPLY.

(Written for a friend at his special request.)

'Twas at the early morn
As I ope'd my door,
A letter I found lying
Listlessly on the floor.
The writing I scanned,
Then at once I knew,
That it was a welcome note
Written, dear love, by you.

'Tis not I who've forgotten,
As thou dost opine ;
I never can forget
Any old friends of mine.
'Twas I who wrote thee last,
But heard naught in reply ;
Wilt thou, fair one, explain
The wherefore and the why ?

Bombay, 10th September, 1915.

211. MY PARROT.

As we sat at evening meal,
The gray bird called for his share ;
Whistling, dancing merrily
Till he was given his fare.

Soon he shook his crimson tail
And tilted the drinking cup ;
Throwing out a meaning glance,
He softly asked, " What is up ? "

" You silly bird ! " I replied,
" There is nothing the matter."
For a brief space to himself
He then began to chatter.

All at once he looked again
And a shrill whistle he blew ;
Turning to him I called " Well ? "
He made reply, " Who are you ? "

" Your master, Sir, how you dare
Ask ! " I playfully replied ;
He only said, " Stop quiet ! "
Laughed, and my anger defied.

Then smiling I turned my head,
In silence he lowered his own,
Bidding me mutely to scratch—
Thus for his faults he'd atone.

Bombay, 12th September, 1915.

212. TO MY CRITICS.

With rising fame one envy must expect,—
Among all my critics, I much regret,
An honest one I've not found yet !
Like a plant untended will wither and die,
So will genius, unheeded, dormant lie,
And treasured thoughts from the brain will fly !

But water the plant, 'twill again be green,
 So will sympathy disjointed thoughts wean ;
 But he who'll ridicule is mean.
 Yet these poor envious critics but proclaim
 That my slumb'ring genius—now without name,
 Shall lead me to the shrine of Fame !

Bombay, 3rd April, 1917.

213. WANTED.

Wanted editors who can be polite
 To return MSS rejected ;
 Who favour less the rich, the elite,
 When they call for articles selected.

Have you money ? Have you influence ?
 Then you will surely be a success ;
 But if you are of no consequence,
 Your grievance will receive no redress.

Wanted contractors with a long purse,
 These alone all contracts will secure ;
 But the authorities will be averse
 To consider you if you are poor.

Wanted men who can quietly submit
 To official rulings and red tape ;
 But if you prove bold, you're not in it,
 They want those whom they can lick to shape.

If you are honest at heart, who'll care ?
 They'll call you a fool for being so ;
 With corruption grows misty the air,—
 The current of life will all the same flow.

So it is and so it'll ever be ;
 Position is your only passport.
 Yet our Empire boasts of Liberty !—
 But is it any use to retort ?

Bombay, 26th April, 1917.

214. TO THOUGHT.

Away ! spread not o'er me thy gloom ;
 I fain would slumber and forget
 My past,—those fresh years of youth's bloom,
 Than pass my nights in vain regret.
 My future too looms black as night,
 Canst thou not show its brilliant light ?
 Avaunt, then ! why hover in my brain ?
 Oh ! could I but rend thee in twain !
 And, Memory, pray, what art thou ?—
 But a patch of cloud in the mind ;
 Canst thou not go and leave me now ?
 Ah ! why, why art thou so unkind ?
 Thy company makes us laugh or weep,
 But robs us of sweet hours of sleep !

Bombay, 1st May, 1917.

215. LIFE'S BILLOWS.

We're floating down the river,
 We'll be nearer to the sea ;
 Boys, life at school is ending,
 Now comes open life and free !
 There'll toss us the angry waves,—
 Sweep us all,—the currents wild ;
 No more shall we ever be
 Bound by banks of waters mild.

But we'll brave the storm and wind,
 Faith shall guide us on our way ;
 We shall bear all our burdens
 Cheerfully from day to day.
 Naught shall daunt our spirits,—
 Be the danger ever great ;
 We can only persevere,
 Entrusting the future to fate.

Bombay, 8th November, 1917.

216. LINES TO A FRIEND.

Dear friend, for your praise I thank you,
 Though I'm not deserving of it ;
 But 'tis more than many would do.
 And I feel encouraged a bit.

You ask me to go among men,
 Perhaps such a precept is wise ;
 But I cannot—how can I ? when
 'The world and all therein I despise.

Society can do without me,
 'Twould grow no richer by the addition ;
 And to me what use would it be ?
 Would it gratify my ambition ?

With no wealth to gain me repute,
 No influence to give me a place ;
 Society my presence would confute,
 I'd have to turn back with disgrace.

I prefer my retirement as it is,
 No matter how gilded be my fame ;
 To me contentment is true bliss,
 Perish all else in society's flame.

No gossip can enter my solitude,
 I could not society's censure brave ;
 Alone I can work with fortitude,
 Fame can follow me to my grave.

Karachi, 20th September, 1912.

217. ODE TO MISS MAUD ALLAN.

*(In defence of the criticisms and objections raised against
 her forthcoming Indian Tour.)*

Ah ! how cruelly critics beset thee !
 How they rave at thy forthcoming visit.
 They urge thou'lt demoralize society,
 Though of thy dancing they know not a whit.

Go on, go on, thou shalt prosper well,
 These jibes shall popularise thee all the more ;
 Fear not, while Government does not rebel,
 These very critics will come by the score.

It is pleasant to see them thus revile ;
 Only an unfortunate diseased mind
 Will thine every attitude and smile
 Condemn as most vulgar and unrefined.

But such as are ever prone to see
 And recognise thy dancing is an art,
 Will notice grace and perfect dignity
 That every movement or pose impart.

Mercy and gentleness were qualities known
 To be possessed by the Quakers of old ;
 Yet these themselves would not angrily frown
 In spite of religious views they did hold.

Poor Maud, thy nerves must all now unstrung be
 Reading these cruel criticisms writ ;
 Thou hast indeed all my heart's sympathy ;
 But mind not those, who now in judgment sit.

Thy grief and gall must be quite extreme,—
 And perhaps there's reasons for thy trouble ;
 To feel, alas ! that this, thy ideal dream,
 That seemed divine, should burst like a bubble.

Once a maid, gathering flowers of spring,
 Set her sweet sighs to music, and did sing :
 " Through this unkind world I shall follow thee,
 Only for looks that may turn back to me."

So, though some people turn their heads in shame,
 Mind not them, face all these here in the East ;
 For here awaits thee thy unconquered fame,—
 A welcome from the highest to the least.

Come then, defy thy critics on their soil,
 Reveal to them there is grace in thy dance ;
 And thus their immoral visions despoil,
 Teach them in real life there's no romance.

Bombay, 21st September, 1913.

218. TO DR. H. H. MANN, D.Sc., &c.

(On his election as Grand Chief Templar of the Grand Lodge of India of the I. O. G. T., at Agra in September, 1913.)

HAIL, Chief, Hail ! thrice welcome art thou
 To the position thou dost fill.
 In homage to thee we all bow,
 And each our duties will fulfil.
 'Twas the will of thy comrades all,
 Thou didst well to answer the call.
 None could a worthier leader scan,
 So they put thee up, Doctor Mann.
 My speech is rude, but speech is weak,
 To express our whole trust in thee ;
 Yet had I words, I would then speak
 Of things ahead of us we see.
 Among us thus the verdict ran :
 Mann alone is the worthy man.

Bombay, 23rd September, 1913.

219. ODE TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE RIGHT HON.
 LORD HARDINGE OF PENSHURST, P.C., G.M.S.I.,
 G.M.I.E., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.,

Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

On the occasion of the diplomatic way in which His Excellency quieted the public sentiment with regard to the Cawnpore Mosque Riot and released those held in custody over it.

LIST to the voices provoked by ire
 O'er the injustice of British rule !
 Like one single spark causes a fire,
 So of one many became the tool.
 Minds, that were already on mischief bent,
 Combined to stir the mob and gave vent
 To their feelings—defying author'ty,
 Caring not what the consequence be.

When the order issued forth to fire :
 Soon then the mob began to disperse ;
 But the calamities to them were dire,—
 Though these might have been very much worse.
 Many were made prisoners on that day,
 To their cells all these were led away.
 The public sentiment then grew strong
 At the seeming injustice and wrong.

At last matters reached to such a pass,
 To deal with which required judgment and tact ;
 Restless were becoming the whole mass,
 'Twas then Your Excellency did act !
 Your action did not our prestige low'r,
 Still was upheld the British power ;
 Yet your justice made the restive mass cease,
 And once more waved the white flag of Peace.

Bombay, 21st October, 1913.

220. TO COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Ex-President of the United States of America. On his forty-fifth birthday.)

October 27th, 1913.

SIR, a humble being though I be,
 Let me too wish thee felicity;
 Another year has swiftly gone by,
 May many, many more such years fly,
 Ere thy good work on this earth be done,
 Ere thy sand of life shall have run.

Thy name shall to posterity go down;
 What though thy brow held no gilded crown !
 Yet thou didst rule a most mighty race !
 With great dignity, power and grace.
 All extolled thy noble deeds and worth,
 Proud was the country that gave thee birth.

Through years to come thy praise shall not cease
 As the greatest arbiter of peace.
 When Russia and Japan were at war,
 With their ministers thou didst confer ;
 'Twas at thy plea that caused the two
 To sheath their swords, in strife they drew.

Other deeds of thine has made thee great,
 And through generations shall thy name
 Be linked with many more for whom fate
 Has built mighty pedestals of fame.
 And that name through coming years we know
 By thy achievements shall mightier grow.

May God give thee many years of life
 To still fight for thy country's renown ;
 And in ev'ry political strife
 May success always thy efforts crown.
 May heav'n thee and thine ever defend !
 With these wishes, Sir, I now must end.

Bombay, 27th October, 1913.

221. TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN MAUD OF NORWAY.

(On Her Forty-Fourth Birthday.)

26th November, 1913.

(Her Majesty was graciously pleased to accept a copy of this poem.)

THE threshold of another year !
 And what memories does it bring ?
 May thy pathway through life be clear,
 May joy-bells for thee ever ring.
 A British Princess, thou hast claim
 On our love. We respect thy name.

We yet recall thy wedding day,
 Thy youthful smile, thy face serene :
 When young Prince Charles led thee way,
 We knew not thou'd be Norway's Queen :
 O, gracious Queen ! permit us too
 To greet thee with loyalty true.

The rich and poor all gladly greet
 Thee once more on thy natal day :
 And I, a stranger in the street,—
 With a heart that nature owns to sway,—
 Do sing with the rest of the throng :
 " God bless our Maud, may she live long."

Bombay, 6th November, 1913.

222. TO A. B. M.

(After the first Meeting.)

WHEN I first saw thee stride in
With hauteur, pride and grace,
This thought at once flashed within :
Remove the cloak off his face
And the real stood revealed :
Behind all his merriment
Lay a life with history,
Though methinks it was mispent
Yet not in frivolity ;
But this there lay concealed :
In the full clutch of circumstance
He had missed the one great chance ;
Yet, in spite of his mysterious gait,
I knew him as master of his fate.

Bombay, 11th September, 1915.

223. TO A FRIEND.

COMRADE, 'tis but a short while
Since first I beheld your face,
'Twas destiny that did beguile
Your footsteps to my place.

You touched on your solitude,
As I listen'd, there dawned the thought :
Here stands one whom fate has pursued
To a land by him unsought.

Pride, still mighty, sat on the brow,
And firmness shown thro' those eyes ;
The gift nature to you did endow
You used not in manner wise.

The merriment was a veil
That hid the throbs of your heart ;
Your feature told its own tale
Which your lips refused to impart.

Ah ! I did not misconstrue,
 When I beheld your stately form,
 That it was shatter'd. Yet I knew
 'Twas unconquered by the storm.

'Twas then that within me grew
 Sympathy for your lone state ;
 And 'twas this perhaps that drew
 Us together, as by fate.

Now friend!—you'll let me call you so ?
 Your fate you must not bemoan ;
 There's a wide gulf—did you but know—
 'Twixt this Life and the Unknown.

But this is not the clime for you,
 You must once more cross the sea ;—
 I must speak what is but true,
 Be advised in time by me.

Lost to view though sinks the star,
 Yet the blue sky remains clear.
 Go then to your loved ones afar,
 Their smiles your heart will cheer.

When by their hearth you sit and smile,
 The years shall roll one by one ;
 You'll recall me for a while
 And thank God for what He has done.

Bombay, 16th September, 1915.

224. To W. J. S.

FRIEND ! words cannot convey to you
 My gratitude and esteem too :
 When my poor heart with sorrow filled,
 Your sympathy its beatings stilled ;
 Your timely kindness soothed my woe,
 Checked the tears that threaten'd to flow ;
 It was your act that gained for me
 My Chief's friendship and sympathy ;

And when you spoke words to my good,
 My Lodge by me loyally stood ;
 And when the Lodge sent in my claim
 Some there were who blasted my name
 For deeds I could not well prevent,—
 Though ever honest was my intent ;
 These high placed men—on mischief bent—
 Made against me bitter comment.
 Gave me not a chance to defend
 My honour, which they tried to rend !
 My cause seemed lost,—might would prevail,
 But your defence had turned the scale !
 What might have been—I dare not think !
 Perhaps 'twould have snapped the binding link.
 Thank God thus had ended the fight
 For Justice, for Honour and Right !
 And for the affair thus to end
 I owe you thanks, my noble friend.
 But stay ! can the members confirm,—
 Is there any among them affirm
 That a trial for an offence
 Should have finished without defence ?
 What though the charge of murder be
 I'd be heard ere the law condemns me !
 Ah ! but this trial was only shammed,
 My character was already damned !
 Did any require I should be heard ?
 Did they give me chance to speak a word ?
 That was not called playing the game,
 Well may echo reply, " Shame ! Shame !"
 Yet one thought gave me true relief :
 My case was fought for by my Chief.

Bombay, 19th September, 1915.

225. TO MRS SAROJINI NAIDU.

TOUCHED are our hearts by thy greeting,
 Rejoiced were we at meeting
 Thee. Thou didst venture all this way,
 Just a warm tribute to pay
 To thy sex who in this War took their share,
 The sentiment of thy speech

Instilled our hearts with gratitude;
 Pride and joy filled the soul of each
 To know that it was one of *their* womanhood
 Who spoke of the wounded and their care.
 What better tribute couldst thou tender ?
 What nobler example couldst thou set ?
 Thy speech to us was a reminder;
 " Lest we forget ! Lest we forget ! "

Bombay, 20th September, 1915.

226, FAREWELL !

To the Baron Hardinge of Penshurst, G.C.B., G.M.S.I., G.M.I.E., P.C.,
 on the approach of the expiry of the term in office as Viceroy
 and Governor-General in India.

My Lord, wilt thou permit a humble bard
 To join with the rest in farewell to thee ?
 Soon, soon shall thou be sailing to homeward,
 From the cares of office for a time free.
 I thank thee in the sweet and holy name
 Of Peace for thy judgment which put to shame
 Passion and party. Who shall dare deny
 That with wisdom these thou didst pacify ?
 We now bid thee farewell with sore regret,
 All thou hast done we can never forget !
 Thy term, as our Chief, has passsd like a dream !
 Thou hast merited our love and esteem.
 'Midst all thy trials and domestic grief,
 Thou didst act well thy part, beloved Chief,
 Our hearts went out to thee in sympathy,
 Throughout we prayed to God to sustain thee.
 Now as these years have all flitted by,
 With many regrets we bid thee good-bye.
 We fain would have wished that thou couldst remain,
 But to higher positions lies thy claim ;
 Thy country needs thy presence at the helm,
 To help the tide of this awful conflict stem.
 With joy thou wert welcomed on Bombay's shore,
 Its City Fathers long to greet thee once more ;

But sadness shall mar this meeting anew,
 For here all shall gather to bid thee adieu !
 Though a worthy noble shall fill thy place,
 Naught can thy deeds from our mem'ry efface.

Bombay, 2nd February, 1916.

227. TO THE KAISER.

THE brand of Cain is on thy brow,
 Both thy hands are stained with blood.
 Naught can cleanse thy sins, I trow,
 Not e'en the waters of the flood;

Stern and stubborn thou hast been
 Ever since the day thou wast born.
 To thine own mother thou wast mean,
 And the world thou didst treat with scorn.

Now who shall warrant thee, I ask,
 Against thy first-born ? For 'tis plain
 He shall tenfold complete thy task,
 When death takes thee from God's domain !

But God is just ! thou shalt soon learn
 That thou canst not pillage at will;
 Thine own shall against thee turn,
 And thy power for ever still !

Thou and thine shall the Allies drive
 Forever from thine own domain !
 By bluff shalt thou no longer thrive,
 Ended, thou tyrant, is thy reign !

Since now the hour is come at last,
 The blood of the slain to us call !
 Since now thy dream of bliss has past,
 Who shall sorrow over thy fall ?

Guilt has benumbed thy palsied hand,
 Drain now thy cup of misery !
 Freedom's Flag shall wave o'er thy land
 On the morn of Victory !

Bombay, 30th March, 1917.

228. TO MRS. H. S.

(On Her Birthday.)

WHAT memories must crowd on thee
On this, thy natal day !—
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
All pass swiftly away ?—

But there's still that gleam of pleasure
That sheds its festal ray.
The dearest hope thy heart does treasure,
May be granted this day.

May God, on this auspicious day,
His blessings on thee endow;
May thou be of good cheer always,
Is all I wish thee now.

Bombay, 13th April, 1917.

229. TO S.

THY mind so gentle, thy fancy free,
Thy hope of bliss, all turned to misery !
Thou didst possess ev'ry blameless grace,
No sorrow had traced its sign on thy face;
But now care sits heavy on thy mind,
O, why were thy parents wilfully blind ?

Did they form this loveless match just to see
Thee married, because so the customs be ?
Yet so young ! so innocent ! so gay !
Life to thee, dear cousin, seemed but play.
Obedient, thy all thou didst sacrifice,
But alas ! thou didst pay a heavy price !

Love thou wast not allowed to cherish,
They deemed thee devoid of feelings all !
On custom's shrine thy soul did perish,
Thy dreams of future seem beyond recall.
But there's still a Friend to protect thee, dear,
Sunshine cannot be hid while He is near.

Banish from thy mind ev'ry thought to-night,
 Though life seemeth so dull and dreary ;
 For thy Star of Hope shall yet gleam bright,
 So brood not o'er thy fate, be not weary.
 The blue sky is so glorious and fair,
 We look up to it 'cause heaven is there !

Bombay, 16th April, 1917.

230. A SATIRE.

To A.B.

FRIEND, thy article for the new Review
 On Music, I have just received ;
 On perusal but one conclusion I drew,
 That thy sarcasm was but ill-perceived.
 Plain truths, dear Blake, needs no flowers of speech—
 Forgive me if thus I must to thee preach ;
 Thy witicism can no purpose serve,
 Thou must thy talents for better deeds reserve.
 'Tis sheer folly on thy part to expect
 The public thy opinions to respect ;
 Say art *thou* one, whom new opinions sway,—
 Musing thus in thy solitude all day,—
More perfect than others,—from *all* faults free ?
 If not, then pray, why so sarcastic be ?
 That what thou scornest, the people admire,
 Thy criticisms they'd resent with ire.
 If to power and place thy passions lie,
 Let these ugly notions from thy mind fly ;
 Aspire to higher ideals than running down
 Men, for 'twould not earn thee any renown.
 The cordial drop of life is Love alone,
 By Love humanity has nobler grown.
 Ah ! if better precepts thou canst impart,
 I shall be glad to serve thee with all my heart.

Bombay, 28th April, 1917.

231. SONNET.

To S.

FORGIVE her for her rebuke, cousin, dear,
 Her cruel words must have struck like a spear ;
 The rage of jealousy had seized her mind,
 Inspired by the wild talks of women-kind.
 'Twas my fault alone, I should bear the blame,
 Thy present sufferings are enough for thee !
 My help and sympathy thou didst claim,
 These thou shalt always receive of me.
 Phantoms take some shape, then dissolve in air,
 So shall our troubles be, why then despair ?
 In pure goodwill thy young life thou didst mate
 To one who deserved not thee for a wife ;
 Can one chide if him thou didst learn to hate ?—
 Sooner sever the link than live in strife !

Bombay, 29th April, 1917.

232. To N.

THE call came and Australia too
 Sent along her bravest and best ;
 Thus your husband parted from you
 And followed in the wake of the rest.
 They went smiling from the green shore,
 With hope their hearts fondly did beat ;
 Alas ! many were to return no more,
 Many would ne'er their loved ones meet !

Now and again letters there came
 Which helped your sad, lone heart to cheer ;
 But when they told you that his name
 Was among the missing, a fear
 As to his fate stole in your mind !
 Yet hope upheld you all along ;
 You believed that God would be kind,
 And to doubt Him would be wrong.

But you were alone with your grief,
 For loved ones your soul would yearn ;
 Though still buoyed with Hope and Belief,
 To Bombay's shores you did return.
 In doubts and fears weeks thus past,
 You longed for some news in vain ;
 When a message did come at last :
 That your Joe was among the slain !

Brave girl, how well you bore the pain !
 How meekly resigned to your fate !—
 But can you believe he is slain ?
 Is it definite what they state ?
 I tell you, friend, I had a dream !
 I *saw* your Joe alive and well !—
 Nay, do not believe I would deem
 By falsehoods thus your grief dispel !

I tell you this 'cause I desire
 To fill your heart with hope again ;
 When the bugle shall sound "Cease fire !"
 You will know that he is *not* slain !
 Be brave, be strong, yield not to grief,
 Droop not thus in silent sorrow ;
 Cling to Faith, hold to Belief,
 Joy bells may ring on the morrow !

* * * *

And if, dear friend, 'twould not be so,
 Why must you weep ? why must you sigh ?
 A mother's duty you still owe
 To *his* child,—bear up, come, do try !

Bombay, 2nd October, 1917.

233. TO MISS ROSE.

(*On receiving news of her engagement.*)

Rosa, Sweet Rosa, thy childhood days are o'er,
 No more now shalt thou play and think as before.
 Life's star in its brightness for thee doth gleam,
 The currents flow calm and smooth down yonder stream.
 The dawn of womanhood for thee begins bright,
 Hope shall ever thy future pathway light.

The man who wooed and won thee in thy prime,
 Shall now guide thy bark through the rugged clime ;
 Shall watch and care for thee through succeeding days,
 Gratifying thy many whims always !
 I know that by him thou shalt act thy part,
 For thou art kind, simple, and true is thy heart.

* * * *

O Life ! O Love ! that sway this pair along,
 Let their course thro' years be an endless song !
 And may with roses strewn their pathway be ;—
 Dear Rose, I wish thee felicity.

Bombay, 16th November, 1917.

234. TO S. D. B.

WHERE shall the minstrel find a theme ?
 Say, shall he seek it by the stream ?
 Shall he scan the blue sky above ?
 Nay, his theme lies in the harbour of Love !

Where'er a rock, a fount, a grove.
 There is love,—holy, fervent love !
 Where'er a home, and hearth have been,
 There has Venus bestow'd her smile serene !

Love has entered thy heart's domain,
 Not to flit, but its sway maintain !
 The Rose that thou hast chosen for thee,
 Shall brighten the threshold of the home to be.

Thou know'st, my friend, what love is now,—
 I see it on thy tell-tale brow !
 But thy choice could not bettered be,
 Than the young Rose thou has plucked for thee.

Yet swells the tide of raptures strong,
 Than runs the theme of this, my song ?—
 " Heaven is with thee in thy dreams,
 Its guiding light always around thee gleams ! "

Bombay, 17th November, 1917.

235. SONS OF THE EMPIRE.

BRITONS are not what they used to be,
 You'll hear other nations say ;
 Look at our sailor lads on sea,
 They'll fight for England any day.
 Since the days of Nelson, we know,
 Our Navy has stood the test ;
 You'll hear all say where'er you go—
 " England's Navy is the best : "

While Briton can produce sons like these,
 We've no cause for fear ;
 Others can talk as they please,
 They'll all fight, when danger's near.

Look at our soldier lads in Khaki too,
 Ready to defend the Union Jack ;
 These are the men brave and true,
 Who shall beat the foemen back.
 There are others on whom we depend,
 You will see them everywhere ;
 Our Empire they'll ever defend,
 Yea, each and every Volunteer !

Refrain : " While Briton can produce sons like
 these," &c..

On a far off India's frontier,
 'Mid the great heat of the sun,
 You'll have heard of our vict'ries there,
 And of what our lads have done,
 Look at our Indian soldiers then
 These'll muster with all the rest ;
 The Gurkhas, the Sikhs, all brave men,
 Rank among England's soldiers best.

Refrain : " While Briton can produce sons like
 these," &c..

Karachi, 12th September, 1909.

236. THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

ADVANCE, Time ! begin thy slaughter, begin :
 Advance ! Victory is thine, go and win :
 These human phantoms that before thee rise,
 Draw forth their blood : heed not their woeful cries :
 War, plague and famine are in league with thee,
 Drink, Suicide, Murder, their comrades be.

Regard not whose blood it is that thou'lt spill,
 Men, Women and Childrer. all kill ! kill ! kill !
 Petty kingdoms quarrel and fight all day,
 While mighty nations watch from far away.
 But when the victors dispute o'er their prize,
 These Powers shall pounce on them by surprise !

The whole world is astir in tumult and strife,
 War, anarchy and devilments are rife.
 Peace urges order, but alas ! in vain ;
 She looks with woe and turns away in pain.
 Dark, deep and cold the current of life flows,
 When shall the tide turn no one but God knows.

Bombay, 6th October, 1913.

237. SOMETIMES THE GIANT TURNS.

" For men must work and women must weep."

Suggested by a Cartoon in the *Daily Dispatch* reproduced in the *Times of India Illustrated Weekly* of Wednesday, 5th November, 1913.

I

WHAT words could paint the scenes aboard
 The ill-fated liner that caught fire
 In mid-Atlantic ! Who could quell
 The flames reaching higher and higher !
 The awful groan, the piteous moan,
 The cries and agonising shriek
 That were sent forth by hearts now torn
 With anguish.—Who were there to seek
 To whisper words of forlorn hope ?—
 To lull the soul from deep despair ?

Alas ! there was scarce any scope
 To offer solace to someone there.
 Help came ! but 'twas too late to save
 Many from their dreadful doom ;
 Some preferred a watery grave,
 As they saw the flames higher loom.

II.

While the flames caused havoc at sea,
 On land the damages were more dire :
 'Twas the doom of the colliery
 In South Wales that was sealed by fire.
 Stalwart braves had helpless grown,
 Their retreat was hopelessly cut !
 Mothers, wives, and children did mourn
 All those in their living tomb shut.
 Those rescued, of the disaster spoke
 As an unprecedented scene !
 In the telling these brave men broke,—
 Such a death roll has never been !
 Little children in awe and wonder stood,
 While women wept for those lost.
 Willing hands helped all that they could,
 Urging, aiding, regardless of cost.

The King and Queen wired their sympathy,
 As did Prince Arthur and his Bride ;
 Nations heard of the calamity
 And grieved for those who had thus died.

Alas ! Fate deals us all in her own way,
 Be we on land or ocean deep.
 This is certain, day after day ;
 " Men must work and women must weep."

Bombay, 5th November, 1913.

238. AN APPEAL TO ENGLAND.

(Against the sufferings of the Indians in South Africa.)

ENGLAND, thou dost boast thy domains are free
 To all who may shelter for themselves seek ;
 Once thou didst maintain that thou wouldst e'er be
 Champion of the persecuted and weak.

Alas ! on evil times we fallen are,
 Since thy Colonies thou canst not control ;
 Thy Indian subjects all South Africa
 Refuse as citizens to enrol !

And yet foreigners from every clime
 Find shelter in any of thy domains !
 Alas ! truly these be evil times,
 If Indians must be driven from her plains.

'Tis order of Council ? and in *thy* name ?
 Yet thou, the motherland, welcomes them all !
 Canst thou fathom the suffering and shame
 Endured by Indians there, both great and small ?

With Africa's laws thou canst not interfere ?—
 Then what of thy power, thy mighty sway ?
 These very Indians were ready to spear
 Thine enemies in that Boer War day.

East has produced men of valour and fame
 Of whom the nation may fitly be proud.
 Thy protection the Indians rightly claim.
 To thee for Justice they all cry aloud.

Thou canst not be indifferent to the fate
 Of these, thy children ?—Nay it can never be !
 Let them have their just rights,—at any rate
 Let them not now appeal in vain to thee.

Bombay, 19th December, 1913.

239. THE DOVE.

(Europe, August, 1914.)

"But the Dove found no rest for the soles of her feet."

GENESIS.

"O WANDERER ! say, whither away
 'Midst setting sun and ended day ?
 The golden twilight soon will wane,
 Dark, dark the night ere comes the dawn again !"

"Alas!" moaned the Dove, "my hour has sped,
The clouds are dark'ning overhead;
And the hawks of war screech as they fly
Across the dull, sullen, lowering sky.

My message of peace is scorned! and men
From town and village, crag and fen,
List to the primal call of the bird
Of prey—and blood and war is preferred.

And men at each others throats now fly,
Curse God in His goodness, in agony die;
Whilst women with heads in misery bowed,
Succour the dying and weep o'er the shroud.

But *why* should the nations pour forth life and treasure?
Why heap up all sorrows and forfeit pleasure?
The war-hawks can never bring message of joy
To the father and mother that mourn for their boy.

The glitter and glory of war is but fleeting,
The thoughtful must yearn in their hearts for my greeting
And cry O, thou, Dove of Peace, come once again
And cleanse from our hearts all that foul curse of Cain."

Lo! then came to me the bright promise of dawn
And, as the effulgence of new day was born,
The Dove of Peace came in radiance to greet,
And at last found rest for the soles of her feet!

Bombay, 19th August, 1914.

240. FOR RIGHT AND FREEDOM.

FIGHT the glorious fight,
Fight for honour and right,
Fight for the national liberty!
Go, ye brave soldiers all,
Whether ye stand or fall,
'Tis in defence of King and Country!

Shoulder to shoulder stand
 With ye in a foreign land :
 Frenchmen, Russians and brave Belgians too.
 Shall Britain ever be slaves ?—
 The Nation that rules the waves ?—
 Not while there be men to dare and do.

Shoulder to shoulder stand
 With India's bravest band ;
 Let the foemen rush with force and might.
 Who'll care for few thousands lost ?
 Who'll care for what it cost ?
 When ye emerge victorious from the fight !

This brutal slaughter end,
 The Union Jack defend ;
 The world will hail thy vict'ry with cheer.
 Be firm, be brave, be strong,
 Defend right against wrong,
 Yea fight for the Flag ye all revere.

Bombay, 3rd September, 1914.

241. THE EAGLE BANNER.

TEAR down that ensign, tear it down !
 'Tis waved for many a long year ;
 Once it earned esteem and renown,
 But now all who behold it jeer.

Beneath it rung the battle cry
 That gathered the young and old,
 Who came ready to fight and die,
 And believed all the War Lord told.

The world in surprise gazed aghast
 At ravages the Huns had wrought ;
 How treaties to the wind were cast,
 How with baseness their deeds were fraught.

Who has not heard of the fate of Louvain,
 And shelling of Rheims Cathedral ?
 Of other deeds equally profane
 That one simply shudders to tell ?

The Lusitania's cruel fate
Is still fresh in the minds of all,
With all its toll of human freight
That have sunk in the deep—beyond recall !

No more, no more shall Deutschland's flag
Wave proudly up the mast so high.
Tear it and fling it as a rag
Would be flung away without a sigh !

Soon the conquered foemen will flee
And victory shall our efforts crown ;
Unfurl the Flag of Liberty
When you hurl the Eagle Banner down.

Never more shall the Huns oppress
The feeble, defenceless and weak ;
No more shall the children in distress
For their slaughtered parents seek.

The war hawks will not screech again,
The Dove of Peace has come to stay.
Joy shall reign in every domain,
And echo answers, " So it may. "

Bombay, 8th September, 1915.

242. IN THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY.

WHAT care I for wealth ?
Love I laugh to scorn !
I shall the Channel cross
At the approach of dawn.

There's a foe to conquer,
There's a fiend to meet,
Whom I shall pursue
Till he beats a retreat.

The world is oppressed
By this great War Lord ;
Him we must destroy
With shell, bomb or sword !

Could England remain
A mere spectator,
When the Huns became
Belgium's dictator ?

What use are treaties—
Though but scraps of paper ?
They are bonds of honour,
That is what they are !

And from a nation who
Respects not a treaty,
Can one e'er hope for
Freedom and Liberty ?

One who kills babies,—
Aged men and women too !
Who despoils God's churches,
Cannot rule me and you !

I go then to help
To fight and defeat
This human monster,
This despoiler and cheat !

If I die,—what then ?
I shall have shed my blood
Like thousands others
Who have crossed the flood.

Can I stay and risk
The sword, bomb and fire ?
Nay ! to share in the
Glory is my desire !

We shall smite the eagle,
And clip his wings short ;
We'll prevent this slaughter
Of human lives for sport

For Truth and Freedom.
We go forth to fight ;
Great though the sacrifice,
Tis for Honour and Right.

When we vanquish the foe
By land and by sea ;
Then shall proudly wave
The Flag of Liberty !

Bombay, 9th September, 1915

243. THE NATIONAL CALL.

UP, men of England ! our flag is cast, —
The Flag of Freedom ye thought would last
Through ages. Long the battle has run,
Of laggards amongst ye let there be none.

The foemen, ye once thought civilized,
And with whom ye at times sympathised,
Are men without conscience, without shame,
Who know not honour e'en by the name.

So long hidden in ambush of night,
Forced from their coverts stand black in the light ;
Men who've upheld the traditions of race,
And covered all their deeds with disgrace.

Rid the world of their might and power,
On sky's dome God has struck the hour !
They shall pay the penalty of sin,
Vict'ry is yours go forward to win.

Shall ye falter when your country calls ?
 What if a comrade here and there falls ?
 Throng round the Flag in Liberty's name,
 Give of your service, 'tis your nation's claim.

The olive branch to such shall not be borne,
 The Germans of their power must be shorn.
 Falsehood *shall not* prosper. Wrong assail !
 Truth naked is stronger, Right *cannot* fail !

Bombay. 15th September, 1915.

244. ACHIEVEMENTS.

TO COUNT ZEPPELIN.

(Suggested by a Cartoon which appeared in *Punch* and reproduced in the
Advocate of India of 14th September, 1915.)

" STANDS London where it did, my child ? "
 " Aye and 'twill for long years, old boy !
 No Zeppelin craft shall ever lay low
 Old London—always our pride and joy.

Thy ignoble Lord, in evident joy,
 With lives plays the game of pitch and toss ;
 Thy air-ships' raids on women and babes
 Won thee the coveted (?) Iron Cross !

But does thy country need reminding
 That fast approacheth the reck'ning hour,
 When the Lord's vengeance at last shall hang
 Above the tyrant's pride of power ?

When the stirring march of Freedom's band
 Shall proudly invade thy country's soil ?
 Be there any amongst ye who shall blame
 Should thy sacred buildings they despoil ?

Nay ! Count, our vengeance takes not *that* form,
 We prize honour above any claim !
 England shall never a party be
 To any foul deed of murder or shame,

We fought to establish Liberty
 And ev'ry nation's Freedom and Right ;
 This shall we do only when we can
 Fore'er destroy your tyrannous might ! ”

Bombay, 14th September, 1915.

245. A LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

(Suggested by a letter written by a soldier of the Garrison Artillery to his mother touching on the retirement of his Battery, and the scenes they passed on the road. Being an incident of the Great European War of 1914-5. The letter was reproduced in the *Advocate of India* of the 15th September, 1915.)

AN mother !—how shall I portray
 The awful sights that bleared my eyes !
 When I beheld them that day :
 Dead and dying,— their groans and cries !
 'Twas ere the twilight hour drew nigh
 The order passed forth to retire !
 But the brave Canadians stood by
 Unflinching before the Hun's fire.
 'Twas a sight we ne'er shall forget
 We cheered them as they passed along.
 Braver fellows we seldom met,
 So stalwart, so fit, and so strong !

Houses in ruins stood here and there
 As by an elephant's feet trod ;
 Horses lay dead everywhere
 As if struck by a lightning rod.
 Shells and shrapnels on us flew,
 We so longed to be on our way !
 At last, after hours, the wagon drew
 Up just close on the break of day !
 'Twas a dark night, but we hurried on
 Eager for the new position,—
 Could you but have seen on the morn
 Our miserable condition !

Stay ! let me describe ere I close
 The awful scenes of the night before,
 When you slept on in sweet repose—
 What's that !—you wish to hear no more :
 Be it so, perhaps I should end
 By thanking God for saving me
 From dangers that threatened that night ;—
 Ah ! how I long with you to be !—
 But no ! I must share in the fight,
 For victo'ry is drawing nigh !
 Soon, soon the joyous bells shall ring,
 When the troops shall be marching by
 Singing aloud " God save the King "

Bombay, 15th September, 1915.

246. THE DOOM OF THE S.S. " PERSIA."

(Torpedoed by a submarine near Crete on the 30th December, 1915 with
 loss of many lives including almost all the children. She sank in five minutes.)

WITH what triumph thou didst leave
 England's seas with thy human freight !
 Who among these could then believe
 What was to be thine awful fate ?
 Yet fewer there were who opined
 That thou'd cross the seas no more ;
 While many were eager dear ones to find
 Awaiting them on Bombay's shores.
 Alas ! one fatal shot sealed thy doom !
 How rapidly thou didst disappear
 Into the ocean's awful gloom,
 Without warning thy fate was so near !
 " Murder ! " was the world-wide verdict,
 Just as in " Lusitania's " case ;
 Can nations in the present conflict
 Permit such acts of shame and disgrace ?
 Vengeance ! Vengeance ! rings the battle-cry ;
 The hour of dalliance has now fled !
 Pursue the foemen as they fly
 Till we avenge our murdered dead !
 Though home recollections be sweet,
 Ye men must answer your Country's call !
 No rest shall there be to your feet
 Till the Tyrant's power shall fall !

Bombay, 4th January, 1916.

247. TO THE WOMEN OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

EIGHTEEN months of slaughter and bloodshed !—
 Anxious months of anguish, grief and woe !
 Oh ! how your loving hearts must have bled
 For those whom no more you shall know !
 Ah ! where was the smile that lightened
 Your vigil at the twilight hour ?
 Where the hopes of future that brightened
 Honour's eyes and manhood's power ?

Is the faithless olive faded ?
 Is all this sacrifice but vain ?
 Has the cloud forever shaded
 The sun ? Shall Peace come not again ?
 Is the hour of dalliance over ?
 Shall your hearts ever be bereft ?
 Nay, not while England has power,
 While a mother's son is left !

Then stir your hearts with Hope and Courage,
 Work on, work on while War shall last !
 You shall earn the reward of suffrage
 When the reign of Terror shall have past :
 'Tis then you'll share in the glory
 That Victory in her path shall hail ;
 To your children tell the story
 Of how Right o'er Might did prevail !

Bombay, 23rd January, 1916.

248. TO BELGIUM.

BELGIUM, once so bright and fair,
 Of all thy treasures thou art laid bare.
 Thy cities are shorn of their beauties all,
 Thy soldiers in their defence did fall.
 Though thou be fall'n for a time,
 Thy deeds shall live thro' age and clime.
 The generous blood that flowed from thee,
 By nations shall ne'er forgotten be.

Thy days are done !—But are they though ?
 Canst thou not yet strike the vengeance blow ?
 Aye, and thy Allies shall help thee along,
 Thy fall shall be the theme of their song.
 Thy noble King, whom God preserve !
 Bravely in thy defence did serve.
 I saw the weep—the big bright tear,
 But 'twas not shed in shame or fear !
 'Twas the ruin of thy kingdom, now lost,
 Which thy braves defended at all cost.
 Once more thy subjects shall enter thy domain,
 Alas ! 'twill ne'er be the same again !
 But must thou sorrow ? must thou weep ?
 Wilt thou bid thy vengeance sleep ?
 To weep would do thy glory wrong,
 Then change thy weeping into song.
 Away ! thou knowst that tears are vain :
 Arise ! muster thy forces once again.
 God shall aid thee with His might,
 To fight for Honour, Freedom and Right !
 No peace shall the allied forces know,
 Till the power of Huns they overthrow,
 King Albert shall lead his soldiers once more
 Triumphant thro' thy Capital's door !
 Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
 Shall sustain thy glory at length.
 No more shall thou be a nameless thing,
 Thy praises throughout the earth shall ring !

Bombay, 26th January, 1916.

249. A LIFE'S SACRIFICE.

(An incident of the Great War 1914-16)

A SOLDIER from the battlefield
 Was a prisoner taken ;
 With pride his British heart was steeled,
 His resolve unshaken ;
 To escape from a living tomb,
 Where he was treated as a slave ;
 His capture would mean his doom,
 But this he determined to brave.

Far better that it should be so,
 Better indeed that he should die ;
 No trace of fear his face did show,
 A pray'r he breathed to God on high !
 One cold dark night the flight was made,
 He almost reached the boundary line ;
 But cruel fate against him played,
 Defeating him in his design !

Once more before his foes he stood—
 Panting, tired, out of breath !
 Thus he was marched back from the wood,
 He knew his sentence would be death.
 But British blood flow'd in his vein,
 He refused for mercy to plead !
 Since his freedom he'd not regain,
 Death was preferable indeed.

His face bore no trace of despair,
 When he heard he was to be shot ;
 His lips moved in silent prayer,
 Home memories filled all his thought.
 Facing the six muzzles he stood,
 Refusing the bandage for his eye ;
 Resolved that the enemy would
 Know how an English man would die !

* * * *

Soldier, rest, no bugle-call shall wake
 Thee from thy everlasting repose ;
 No sound of cannon shall make
 Those eyes ope' that death did close.
 A prisoner treated as a slave,
 He sought to escape at any cost ;
 Drop, drop, slow tears over his grave,
 He fought hard for freedom and lost !

Bombay, 7th February, 1916.

250. TO GERMANY.

THY star, once so resplendent shown,
Has faded and soon shall have gone!
Thy people groan in misery,
Thy commerce now shattered be.
Thy dwellings all lie desolate ;
Each wife weeps the loss of her mate ;
Each mother for her sons doth yearn ;
Each daughter for her sire doth mourn

The Eagle, let loose on God's skies,
Pounces on any prey he spies ;
So have thy people hew'd and slain
Innocents on God's seas and plain !
Hope and her sister Faith did plead,
But their prayers ye did not heed,
The Demon had fired thy soul,
Now leads thee to thy final goal.

Gone is thy glory forever,
The world shall befriend thee never.
None shall bear the olive branch home
Until the day of Freedom come.
The gentle dove in hiding lies,
While the vulture overhead flies,
But soon shall all the dark clouds clear,
For Victory's hour now draws near.

* * * *

The Lord shall rend the veil away
That now doth blind thy people's eyes.
Gone forever shall be thy sway,
No one shall with thee sympathise.
The days of splendour shall return,
The Dove shall fly o'er thy domain ;
The cities thou didst hack and burn
Shall all be restored once again !

And at the final reck'ning hour
 Thou'lt meekly stand before God's throne !
 Then thy haughty spirit shall cower,
 Thy pride's feathers shall all be torn !
 The Fount of Life shall then be quaffed
 In peace by all who chose to come ;
 And every wind that blows shall waft
 Thy broken people to their home.

Bombay, 15th February, 1916.

251. THE CALL TO ARMS,

TO THE ANGLO-INDIANS.

HARK ! the call has come at last ;
 Ye are to share in this War's glory !
 All the stigma is now past,
 'Tis your turning point in history.
 Your King and Country call you !
 'Tis the moment for which you did long ;
 Show the world what you can do,
 Send forth all your valiant men and strong.

Ho gunners, fire a salute !
 Ho ! gallants flock round the banner all !
 The slur on your race refute,
 Let no one fail to answer the call.
 For swift to east and to west
 Behold how the ghastly war-flames spread !
 Swear that ye shall know no rest
 Till ye avenge the dying and the dead !

Ye mothers bid your sons go,
 Sweethearts your loved ones do not restrain
 Not till they have beaten the foe
 Shall they return to their homes again ;
 And if some shall find a grave
 On the far off blood-stained battle field,
 A nation's honour to save
 The ir noble spirits they would but yield !

Is it not glorious thus to die ?
 Shall not memory recall with pride
 That in defence of Liberty
 Your sons and beloved fought and died ?
 And when the battle's ended
 When each hero returns to his place,
 Shall not these brave men have defended
 The honour of the Anglo-Indian race ?

Then shall ye bend in prayer :
 " God, they fought to make their children free !
 And we a monument shall rear
 To our dead, and render thanks to Thee ! "
 Thus somewhat shall be the theme
 Of your mediation to God above ;
 Realised shall be your dream
 When with joy ye welcome those ye love !

Bombay, 10th April, 1916.

252. TALK NOT TO ME OF PEACE.

HUSH, comrades, cheer no more,
 The music and laughter must cease ;
 By the blood of those gone before,
 Talk not to me of peace.

Boom, great guns, along the shore !
 Let their echoes thro' hills resound !
 Shall all the cannons cease their roar ?—
 Not while there is left us a round !

Soon shall this strife be o'er,—
 Victory shall our efforts crown.
 The Huns shall oppress us no more,
 We shall tear their flag down !

Then we'll pay off the score
 For all their blackest deeds of shame ;
 We shall crush them evermore,
 No more to rise to fame.

Bombay, 24th March, 1917.

253. FOR FREEDOM.

MEN ! ye are Britain's sons,
Freedom is your heritage ;
Help to defeat the Huns,
The world set free from bondage.
Join your comrades in khaki,
Enlist stalwarts one and all !
In this War for Liberty,
Ye must stand or ye must fall !

Citizens of the Empire !
Ye also a duty owe :
To help to defeat the Vampire,
Your patriotism show.
Only true freedom can break
All the chains our brothers wear ;
Awake ! Citizens, awake !
In the War Loan take your share.

Women ! the world expects ye
To bravely stand by us all ;
To save your sex from cruelty,
Ye will not shirk at duty's call.—
Have not they been tortured too ?—
Remember Nurse Cavell's fate !—
Whatsoever ye can do
Will help to ope' Vict'ry gate.

Bombay, 29th March, 1917.

254. THE DYING SOLDIER'S MESSAGE.

O, TAKE from me a message
To the dear lads far away !
Soon I shall cross the passage,
But I've just a few words to say :
In the cause of Liberty
We all have gladly fought and bled ;
It was to set small nations free
Many have willingly their blood shed.

Defend the dear old Union Jack,
 Let not the boom of cannons cease ;
 Till you've driven the foemen back,
 Refuse all terms of peace !

Could men who stoop to commit
 Deeds of murder and of shame,
 Keep to their pledge ? Not a bit !
 Then waver not, but play the game !
 Until the pow'r they wield you break,
 Until their people you subdue ;
 No peace terms with them you can make,
 Or else your rashness you'd live to rue.

Stand to defend Right against Might,
 To crush Tyranny for ever !
 Shall the foemen your Honour blight ?
 Not now, henceforth, NO NEVER !

Bombay, 31st March, 1917.

255. BRITAIN'S GREETING TO AMERICA.

BROTHER Jonathan ! you are true
 To the traditions of your race.
 In defence of honour have you
 At last by our side tak'n your place !
 I read your mind, I knew your heart,
 I guessed full well that ere long
 Beside us you would take your part,
 To fight to right a grievous wrong.

We may have had a word or two,—
 Is there a couple who have not ?—
 But at a time like this, I knew
 With us you would throw in your lot.
 There's nothing foreign in your face,
 For we are cousins—are we not ?
 You come not of another race,
 Your forefathers have with us fought.
 The Stars and Stripes and Union Jack
 Shall be borne side by side once more ;
 We'll soon hurl the foemen back,
 Just as we've ever done before.

Brother Jonathan, here's to you !
 May our union ever prevail ;
 Our hands are firm, our hearts are true,
 Who dares affirm that we shall fail !
 Our noble Allies are yours now,
 They too join in the welcome song !
 Victory draws nearer, I trow,
 Suspense shall be over ere long !

Bombay, 13th April, 1917.

256. TRIUMPH WEEPS ABOVE THE BRAVE.

THE fateful hour is come at last,
 Days of anxieties are past !
 Ye shall soon hear the battle song,
 As the brave troopers march along ;
 Many of these have crossed the wave,
 Ah, " Triumph weeps above the brave ! "

Nigh three years has lasted the fight,
 Nations have bled to uphold right.
 Crushed is now the tyrant's power,
 Liberty is the world's dower.
 No brave Briton shall be a slave,
 But " Triumph weeps above the brave ! "

He, who ever was to the fore,
 Is lost to us for evermore !
 No bugle-call shall mar his sleep,
 For he lies many fathoms deep !
 For his Country his life he gave,
 So " Triumph weeps above the brave ! "

Hear the wail—how wild and dreary,
 Ah, what dismal Miserere !
 Vict'ry's won !—but the sacrifice !
 For Freedom we pay the appointed price !
 Our noblest press to hero's grave,
 Lo ! " Triumph weeps above the brave ! "

Peace ! No more the guns shall rattle,
 No more shall nations go to battle !
 Love's sweet melodies shall arise
 From every throat to the skies,
 Praising our God who deigned to save
 Us from a fate worse than the grave !

Bombay, 18th April, 1917.

257. AN APPEAL.

THE WAR LOAN THERMOMETER.

(30th April, 1917, All-India R. 16,50,5132...)

It rises, yes, but 'tis slow, *very slow*.
 The wealth of the Empire seems buried below,
 Does India's patriotism sleep ?
 What shall rouse it from its slumber deep ?
 Ye citizens remember Nelson's call ;
 " England expects *ev'ry man* to do his duty !"
 Resolve, ye men and women, once for all
 To rid the world of German's tyranny !

" More Money, more Men " is the theme of song ;
 Give Britain these and the War will not last long.
 We and our Allies shall soon vanquish the foe,
 Help your country to deal the smashing blow.
 Remember Britain's past glories and fame !
 Defend to death the tri-coloured flag ;
 To your patriotism England lays claim,
 Let not that patriotism now lag.

When our perils pass, shall gratitude sleep ?
 Will not Britain her pledge to India keep ?
 Up then, ye citizens, let naught deter,
 Your help to the War Loan do not defer.
 Vain mightiest fleets that so nobly take their stand !
 Vain the blood of the slain that like rivers ran !
 Unless this war is waged unto the end,
 Unless the tyrant's pow'r we fore'er rend !

Brother Jonathan, here's to you !
 May our union ever prevail ;
 Our hands are firm, our hearts are true,
 Who dares affirm that we shall fail !
 Our noble Allies are yours now,
 They too join in the welcome song !
 Victory draws nearer, I trow,
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 Our noblest press to hero's grave,
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Peace ! No more the guns shall rattle,
 No more shall nations go to battle !
 Love's sweet melodies shall arise
 From every throat to the skies,
 Praising our God who deigned to save
 Us from a fate worse than the grave !

Bombay, 18th April, 1917.

257. AN APPEAL.

THE WAR LOAN THERMOMETER.

(30th April, 1917. All-India Rs. 10,50,50,000.)

It rises, yes, but 'tis slow, *very slow*.
 The wealth of the Empire seems buried below;
 Does India's patriotism sleep ?
 What shall rouse it from its slumber deep ?
 Ye citizens remember Nelson's call ;
 " England expects *ev'ry man* to do his duty !"
 Resolve, ye men and women, once for all
 To rid the world of German's tyranny !

" More Money, more Men " is the theme of song ;
 Give Britain these and the War will not last long.
 We and our Allies shall soon vanquish the foe,
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 To your patriotism England lays claim,
 Let not that patriotism now lag.

When our perils pass, shall gratitude sleep ?
 Will not Britain her pledge to India keep ?
 Up then, ye citizens, let naught deter,
 Your help to the War Loan do not defer.
 Vain mightiest fleets that so nobly take their stand !
 Vain the blood of the slain that like rivers ran !
 Unless this war is waged unto the end,
 Unless the tyrant's pow'r we fore'er rend !

Then a Monument shall the nation raise,—
 A token, a tribute, of silent praise —
 To those who have died to set the world free
 Of Germany's oppressive tyranny !
 The *one* great thought that made these heroes dare
 And die : That their children in peace may live !"
 Towards *that* end contribute now your share,
 Whatever ye can, to the War Loan give.

Bombay, 30th April, 1917.

258. THE WIFE'S FAREWELL !

So pale of features, yet with eyes of light,
 She gazed at her husband and smiled so bright :
 " Go, dearest, go ! thy Country has need of thee,
 Let not thy soul darken with its fears for me.

" Trust me to God ! I shall not brood or pine,
 Duty bids and thou must answer, husband mine !
 Think not I'll shed tears of sorrow when alone,
 I can well bear my burden when thou art gone.

" Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood,
 For I cannot stand and see thee thus subdued ;
 Let it not be said *I* made thee stay away,
 Go, God be with thee, beloved, I can pray !

" Should the foemen conquer, what will be our lot ?"
 Perhaps to work as slaves, or led to be shot !
 Nay, go thou and help to crush the tyrant's might ;
 Go share in the vict'ry for Honour and Right !

" And if perchance, God forbid ! thou wast to die,
 With pride I shall ever think of thee and sigh !
 But in spirit thou shalt ever with me dwell,
 I know God shall send thee safe to me.—Farewell !"

At last they parted !—she felt her heart ache,
 But she bore her pain in silence for his sake !
 She knew when the nation shall gain the vict'ry ;
 'Twill mean for her children Freedom and Liberty !

Bombay, 10th May, 1917.

259. BOYS OF THE INDIAN DEFENCE FORCE.

(With apologies to Mr. A. B. Mortimer.)

Do you not hear the tramp of marching men,
 As they proudly tread along dusty ways ?
 These are the men who by their glorious deeds,
 Have helped the prestige of Empire to raise !
 From East and West they heard their Country's call
 Sent surging thro' the broad earth's aching breast ;
 In the cause of Freedom they sacrificed all,—
 Leaving their homes, their loved ones and the rest:

Bravo ! Boys of the I. D. F.
 Fighters for Right and Liberty ;
 Shall the Empire ever forget
 The Gentlemen all in khaki ?

For with mankind an instinct bears along :
 Like swift current the flash of right or wrong ;
 Like the billows, humanity's vast frame
 Surges forth to defend a nation's claim !
 In this defence *you* bravely took your part,—
 Noble sons of the British Empire !
 Thrills of joy prophetic runs thro' each heart,
 To crush tyranny is your sole desire.

Bravo ! Boys of the I. D. F.
 Fighters for Right and Liberty ;
 Shall the Empire ever forget
 The Gentlemen all in khaki ?

Bombay, 24th May, 1917.

260. TO INDIA'S PATRIOTS.

MEN ! you boast that you are true
 And loyal to your Country and King ;
 Yet how heartily some do
 The Song of Home Rule sing !

Are you truly free and brave ?
 Then you should feel for your Country's pain !
 If thus you constantly rave
 For Home Rule, what will you gain ?

Does your patriotism sleep ?
 Cannot the demand for Home Rule wait ?
 Rouse from your slumbers deep !
 Now's not the time to agitate.

To uphold a nation's right,
 It's sacred honour to defend,
 For these was waged this fight,
 And that tyranny might end.

Count earth's chosen heroes,—
They were the men who had stood alone !
 Now the strife stronger grows
 Will you not your armour don ?

We are traitors to our sires
 If in this hour of trial we fail !
 Cast aside your desires,
 They will be of no avail !

Occasions new duties teach,
 Times make ancient good uncouth ;
 Let those, who chose to, preach,
You stand firm for Right and Truth !

The visions of Paradise
 Are but visions and nothing more ;
 Men of India, arise !
 Help the Empire as of yore.

Haste then India's stalwarts,
 Decide on what side you will stand !
 Ere Doom from its sandals
 Shakes the dust against our land.

Heed not Judas and his plea,
 Lest you forever your folly atone ;
 Stand firm for Liberty,
 Let Home Rule severely alone.

Launch your manhood, guide your bark
 Through the desperate winter sea ;
 Ope' not Future's portals
 With Past's blood-rusted key.

Bombay, 25th May, 1917.

261. INDIA FOR THE EMPIRE.

WHAT was this Empire, tell us pray,
Before we stepped on her soil ?
We worked with a will that we may
Make the barren lands fertile.

We built the cities stone by stone,
We paved the route for Free Trade ;—
Yet you wish to claim for your own
The Empire that *we* have made ?

By purchase, by blood, by conquest,
We have built this mighty Empire !
Shall we forswear, without protest,
Our rights because you so desire ?

Ambition can destroy or save
The power that rules o'er you ;
You cannot be patriots brave,
If you clamour for Home Rule too ?

Is this the time ? Is this the hour ?—
While we are engaged in a fight
To wrench from the Germans the power
That threatens the world's freedom and right ?

Reason is here no guide, 'twould seem,
Fiery speeches influence the throng !
Your duty would be—so I'd deem—
To help to right a nation's wrong.

True faith, true purpose, united ran,
In disunion danger always lay ;
In reason we'll help you all we can,
But to your threats we'll *not* give way.

Look next on greatness, where it lies ?
Not amongst patriots such as you !
But among heroes and the wise,
These are the patriots tried and true.

Our hands of fellowship we'll extend,
If you will not our rights oppose !
Help us this bitter war to end,
Then we shall hear all you propose.

"India for Indians !" is your cry ;
We claim "India for the Empire !"
Then the Empire would not deny
To India her cherished desire !

Bombay, 14th October, 1917.

262. TO RUSSIA.

(A Warning).

BEWARE ! Stay thy mad course, stay !
Ere thy folly thou'lt rue one day.
Is this the time to sue for peace ?
Shall the boom of cannons cease ?

Vengeance cries and thou hearest not !
Have thy battles in vain been fought ?
Wilt thou not heed thy people's plea,
To fight till end for Liberty ?

Pray what excuse wilt thou allege
For breaking thy solemn pledge ?
Shall this peace make thy subjects free
From the Huns' cruel tyranny ?

Ah ! sad indeed is thy lot !
Thy demands shall avail thee naught ;
But thy mis'ries shall sure increase,
Wert thou to persist for separate peace.

The Past and Present now unite
In this noble cause of Freedom's right ;—
Hark ! to that wild cry of thy slain !—
Has the stream of blood flow'd in vain ?

One struggle more and thou'd be free !
Throw not thy chance of Liberty.
Cease thy folly !—Thy people save
From a fate worse than the yawning grave !

Bombay, 12th November, 1917.

263. THE EXILES.

FORTH went they from home and hearth,
 From the land that gave them birth ;
 Driven thus by tyranny,
 Fear of death forced them to flee.

The aged in their silvered hair,
 All the children almost bare ;
 The mothers with their looks so wild,
 The daughters whom the fiends defiled.

Forth went they,—a pallid band,
 Saw the tyrants pillage their land ;
 Their features marked with despair,
 Their moans and cries rent the air.

Fathers rang their hands in woe,
 Heaped their curses on the foe ;—
 Hark ! a woman shrieks in pain !
 Alas, grief had turned her insane !

So wander'd this shattered band,
 Sought refuge in a foreign land !

* * * *

Marshalled once more at Freedom's call,
 Resolved to conquer or to fall !

Few the numbers they could boast,
 Yet ev'ry freeman was a host.
 'Twas the stand these heroes made,
 The pow'r of the foemen stay'd.

Heedless of the presnt woes,
 Cheerfully each to battle goes ;
 Onward, onward, now they trod,
 Raising a vengeance-cry to God !

What though their lands wasted be ?
 Death shall make way for Liberty :
 Eager are they for the hour
 When destroyed shall be the Hun's pow'r :

Bombay, 23rd November, 1917.

264. AN APPEAL FOR "OUR DAY."

(12th December, 1917.)

THE fight is raging, the tide surges along,
 The men are battling to right a nation's wrong !
 The wounded and the helpless are counting on "Our Day,"
 Whate'er thou canst spare, pay ! pay ! pay !

Cheerfully each of these men left his home and hearth,—
 Left their dear ones all and the land of their birth;
 They've been fighting in this War so that we may
 All be freed from the Hunnish sway.

British honour and prestige they have upheld,
 In their deeds of bravery they have excelled.
 Ye men and women, do your duty for "Our Day,"
 To provide them cheer, pay ! pay ! pay !

The Indians with the British our esteem command,
 To supply them with comforts we from you demand
 Whate'er you can give for this eventful Day,
 Ope' ye your purse-strings, pay ! pay ! pay !

Hark ! to the clash of armour, the roar of guns !
 Soon shall we and our Allies vanquish the Huns !
 Yet our wounded soldiers expect on *the* Day
 Some entertainment. Pay ! pay ! pay !

Give us your coppers, your silver or your gold,
 Help us all, ye men and women, young or old ;
 In history shall live the renown of "Our Day,"
 Then come, swell the funds,—pay ! pay ! pay !

Bombay, 24th November, 1917.

265. THE TURNING TIDE.

THE billows swell, the storm is nigh,
 Dark clouds are gath'ring in the sky !
 Ho, mariners ! danger is near,
 But trust in God and have no fear.

He, the Pilot, shall guide the bark,
 And drift it safely through the dark ;
 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
 There'll be seen the ship of Liberty !

Soon shall all be calm and serene,—
 As though the storm had never been.
 Cold as I feel this heart of mine,
 Yet it yields hope of light divine.

God shall surely sustain the right,
 Crush forever the tyrant's might !
 Love in every heart shall reign,
 When the Dove of Peace comes again !

Bombay, 28th November, 1917.

266. A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS MOTHER.

How are all in dear old Bombay,
 Mother dear ?
 I shall likely return some day,
 Mother dear.
 Keep a place in your heart for me,—
 We're fighting for our Liberty,
 And soon we shall gain the vict'ry,
 Mother dear. .

Is my room kept tidy and clean,
 Mother dear ?
 Does dear sister still act the queen,
 Mother dear ?
 In my fancy I see the day,
 When the people shall shout " Hooray ! "
 As we land again in Bombay,
 Mother dear.

Bombay, 4th December, 1917.

267. WHEN YOU ARE LONELY.

FAREWELL! Duty bids and I must go,
 Dear love, do not sorrow for me so!
 When I shall be away from your side,
 Your love shall always with me abide.
 Let Hope comfort you,—come, do not cry!
 I shall write you often. Love, good-bye!

When you are lonely, your heart is sad,
 My messages shall make that heart glad;
 God shall watch o'er you while I'm away,
 Comfort and cheer you from day to day.
 I'll return with the dawn of Vict'ry,
 When you are lonely, love, think of me.

Bombay, 5th December, 1917

268. TO ENGLAND.

(The Nation's reply to the Marquess of Lansdowne.)

ENGLAND, thy glory and splendour are achieved;
 That thou wouldst endure thro' this war none believed.
 Greetings and laughter may pass from lip to lip,
 But thy sons are holding the foe in their grip.
 Over the Channel, over the dreary track,
 Some are gone whom thou shalt never welcome back!

A noise, a stir, makes the weary watcher start!
 The boom of cannons sends a throb thro' the heart!
 Thousands have fallen on ev'ry battlefield,
 In defence of Freedom these their lives did yield.
 Shall it be said these have shed their blood in vain?
 Who said we shall make peace with the Huns again?

The poor man's stay and the rich man's joy and pride,
 Are fighting on the battlefield side by side.
 The trials of war makes each heart quake with fear,
 Yet above selfish grief each holds his Country dear
 Shall we then our Right and Freedom sacrifice?
 Nay, we'll guard British honour at any price!

We had crushed party clamour when this War began,
 Like a current one thought from heart to heart ran :
 "To fight for Freedom till we conquer or die ;"
 To crush all those who the nations' rights deny !,
 Not till dawn of Vict'ry shall Peace return again !
 Then thy life-blood will not have been shed in vain !

Bombay, 5th December, 1917.

269. TO THE MEN OF THE INDIAN DEFENCE FORCE.

Come, cheer up men, in spite of hardships all,
 Duty bids and ye must answer the call.
 What of those fighting on the battlefield ?
 To some disconforts you must also yield !

Show yourselves ready,

Steady, men, steady,

Let the world witness what powers you wield.

Do your little bit, ye sons of the brave,
 The voices of the slain cry from the grave !
 The poor and the rich now fight side by side,
 Crushed are the spirits of malice and pride,

Show yourselves ready,

Steady, men, steady,

Let their examples be to you a guide.

Carry on, ye men ! while the strife shall last,
 Soon the bugles shall sound Victory's blast !
 Then a British cheer from your throats shall ring,—
 But duty must be done ere your song you sing ;

Show yourselves ready,

Steady, men, steady,

Stand to fight for Right, Freedom and your King !

Bombay, 6th December, 1917.

270. WHY DO YOU SIGH ?

TELL me, stranger, why do you sigh ?
Did some forsaken soul breathe in the air
Its tale of misery and deep despair ?
Did some poor wife, deserted and alone,
Tell you her life's story, her hopes forlorn ?
Why do you sigh ? Tell me why ?

Say, stranger, why did you sigh ?
Did you read of the many crimes by drink wrought ?
Of the miseries in houses it has brought ?
Did you hear of the murders caused by drink ?
Do all these tales of horror make you think ?
There ! you sigh anew, tell me why ?

Come, tell me now, why must you sigh ?
Perhaps you've also heard what people say :
That more drinks and drugs are consumed each day ?
Is it this increase that renders you sad—
The thought that India is drifting to the bad ?
Are these the reasons why you sigh ?

There now, stranger, why *should* you sigh ?
'Tis true lives are drifting on ruin's brink,
But it does not make our Government think ;
Temperance bodies themselves do not band
To expel this Demon from our land !
Then I ask, stranger, *must* you sigh ?

The sight is sad, true, but why sigh ?
One faction is running another down,
Instead of upholding their country's renown ;
" Shame ! " you cry, echo answers " well you may ! "
But God is good, there shall yet come the day
When there'll be no more cause to sigh.

Calcutta, 17th, October, 1911.

271. A REPLY TO AN F. T. I.¹

BRAVO, Yendys ! a poet you are,
And perhaps one of the best ;
But let me beseech you, Sir,
To give the F. T. I. a rest.

'Tis earned you honour and fame—
This degree of F. T. I.,
But you must now play the game,
Work for the Cause.—Will you try ?

The Order is a good one,
F. T. I. is all right too ;
Since the laurels you have won,
We should expect a lot of you.

Education is right, my lad,—
For knowledge will always tell ;
But there are men drifting, my lad,
Driven to the brink of Hell !

Give them a helping hand, come do !
Urge your fellow-students on !
Lead the way, they'll follow you,
Fight for victory ere 'tis dawn,

'Tis thus alone you'll earn Fame,
Position, Power and Place ;
You'll save the nation from blame,
And your comrades from disgrace.

Believe me, dear brother, yours fraternally,
Not an F. T. I. but just an M. R. T.²

Calcutta, 19th October 1911.

¹F. T. I. (Fellow of Templar Institute).

²M. R. T. (Master of Royal Templars).

Degrees in the Educational Courses of Grand Lodges of India and America
of the International Order of Good Templars.

272. THE ONE GLASS.

WHAT is that, Sir, I just heard you say ?
I should join you in a social glass ?
No, Sir, I cannot, take it away !
'Twas *that* what caused my ruin, alas !

There is no harm in moderation ?
And yet I've been by experience taught ;
I need no second consideration,
'Twas the first glass that ruin wrought.

Listen, Sir, I shall now tell you
A story that should stir your heart,
Every word is perfectly true,
And I've played the principal part :

When I was but a little lad,
My mother was taken away ;
As I reached twenty my poor dad
Also died—'twas the heart they say.

Then I was heir to all his wealth,
For I, Sir, was his only son ;
Then I was young, in perfect health ;—
Now you observe what drink has done !

When my poor father died I had
Not touched liquor of any kind ;
But the pals I joined with, were bad,
Though then to their faults I was blind.

I stood just there, where you now stand,
With my companions around me ;
Then I took my glass in my hand
And drank the contents cheerfully.

I was as confident as you are
I could stop at a glass or two ;
But the Demon laughed at me, Sir,
I could feel his grip firmer grow.

The craving I could not resist,—
 Alas ! I tried hard so to do,—
 I often resolved to desist,
 In vain, the craving stronger grew !

So I passed on from bad to worse,
 Oft times I was tempted to steal ;
 My life was hell, my fate I cursed,
 Days I passed, Sir, without a meal !

When misery's cup overflowed,
 And I found myself all alone,
 Then within my heart I felt a load,
 All bright hopes of future was gone.

Alas ! I could no longer fight,
 'Midst the great world's tumult and strife ;
 So I awoke one cold midnight
 Resolved to end my wretched life !

On the cold steps I slept that night,—
 'Twas so cold in the open air !
 I saw the stars above gleam bright,
 But my guiding star was not there.

I felt faint, my head began to reel,—
 A feeling I had not known before,—
 A pain within my heart did steal,
 I dropped—and then I knew no more !

I awoke to find myself in bed ;
 'Twas a hospital, a nurse stood near.
 With bandages were tied my head ;
 I could not tell how I got there.

'Twas brain fever, they told me,
 It seemed I had stood near death's door.
 I resolved *then* I would be free,—
 Resolved I'd touch the drink no more !

Poverty, crime, murder and sin
 Are all reflected in that glass !
 O yes, the Demon lurks within,
 'Twill grip you, Sir, and all your class !

Laugh and jeer, but remember this—
 If you desire your soul to save,
 And live a life of joy and bliss
 And not fill a wretched drunkard's grave.

Leave off your one glass, give it up ;—
 You take it for society's sake ?
 I say there's poison in that cup,
 The public house you should forsake.

If you your cravings can control,
 There are others, Sir, who are weak ;
 For their sakes then will you enrol ?
 'Tis why your support I seek.

Calcutta, 7th July, 1912.

273. THE ALARM.

THE cry of anguish is heard everywhere,
 The victims of drink groan in despair,
 Will you, my brother, lend a helping hand?
 Will you, for their cause, make a firm stand?

They are too weak alone to fight the foe,
 The Demon is mighty, too well they know.
 They struggle hard and are free for a while,
 But once again they are lured by his smile.

Poor mortal ! 'tis but a snare, he well knows,
 Yet he follows where the Demon goes ;
 Ruined in health, in spirit and in mind,
 He follows, leaving his all behind.

To satisfy his cravings he must steal,
 He must needs drink, never mind his meal !
 He will even murder a pal for drink ;
 There is no crime from which he will shrink.

He will commit a sin, his God deny,
 The world and all in it he'll defy.
 So long the Demon casts on him his spell,
 His doom is sure and his goal is Hell !

'Tis an awful fate this; yet will you stand
And refuse to lend a helping hand?
Nay ! a Samaritan you can never be,
If you do not set the poor wretch free.

Go then, assist your poor brother in need,
From the grip of drink let him be freed.
No nobler duty God expects of you,
You owe it to King and Country too.

Bombay, 4th March, 1913.

274. A FRIEND WITHOUT THE R.

THE man who despondent feels,
Flies to the bottle, alas !
If he enjoys not his meals,
He thinks he needs just one glass.

" A glass now and then," he says,
" Cannot do you any harm."
But ere passes many days
The bottle his lone hours charm.

Far too often have I seen
Men claim drink as a staunch friend ;
But as often it has been
The cause of their bitter end.

They speak of all its pleasure,
They laud the merits of wine.
They tell you 'tis a treasure
To a heart so prone to pine.

But many find in the end
That they all were wrong by far ;
For wine to them proves a friend,
But the friend *without the R.*

Drink-ruined hearts they still cry
To you and me in despair,
To save them from dangers nigh,
From the friend *without the R.*

Onward then let us all press,
 The cry is heard near and far ;
 The victims are much oppressed
 By the friend *without the R.*

'Tis not the victims alone
 Who crave for your sympathy,
 Other hearts with griefs are torn :
 'Tis the drunkard's family.

Shall we cherish the fiend cheat ?
 Are we men, or what we are ?
 This monster we must defeat,
 And prove a friend *with an R.*

Bombay, 17th August, 1913.

275. THE NAMELESS GRAVE

ONE morn I passed the cemetery,
 And a grave caught my gaze;
 A bunch of flowers lay thereon,
 Which had not lain for many days.

No stone was there to indicate
 The dead one's sex or name;
 None could tell if the departed
 Was an individual of fame.

Further information to seek
 I then the sexton sought;
 Pointing to the nameless grave, I
 Asked if about it he knew aught.

" 'Tis a sad tale, Sir," he replied,
 " The deceased was a youth
 Who once gave promise to become
 A great man of letters forsooth.

But that accursed Demon, Sir,
 They call King Alcohol ;
 Who extends no love or mercy
 To men and women great or small.

Gripped him with a vice so strong,
 He could not himself free ;
 It led him further and further
 Away from home and family.

With stagg'ring steps one cold dark night
 He homeward did essay ;
 But ere he could reach his door-steps,
 He reeled and fell on the way.

Against a huge stone his head struck,—
 It happened there to lie ;
 Unconscious he was carried home,
 So this promising lad did die.

I turned away from that sad spot,
 I felt through coming years—
 As in the past—the Demon Drink
 Shall cause sorrow and sorrow's tears.

Bombay, 20th August 1913.

276. OUR MISSION,

SOLDIERS of the Cross arise !
 The call "To Arms !" is now heard ;
 Lest the foemen us surprise,
 Up ! and your bright armour gird.

Firmly held the victims are
 By the grip of Demon Drink ;
 Behold their looks of despair,
 As they stand on ruin's brink.

'Midst the homes of want and woe
 Let us all our footsteps tread ;
 So those within may ne'er know
 What it is to want for bread.

We must on and ever on
 To the weary and forlorn ;
 To the home where darkness shone ;
 To the outcast and the worn.

Guard the helpless, seek the stray'd,
 Everywhere bestow relief.
 In the might of God arrayed,
 Comfort trouble, banish grief.

May we all in life and heart
 Thus in harmony labour.
 Bearing our allotted part,
 Assisting each our neighbour.

We shall fight the noble fight
 Until we redeem them all ;
 Not till we prove right is might,
 Shall we our banner instal.

Not till the foe to earth is run,
 Shall we sheath the Spirit's Sword;
 And when victory is won,
 We shall sing in praise to God !

Bombay, 26th September, 1913.

277 THE STEPPING-STONES TO DRINK.

You ask me, Sir, how did I
 Reach this stage of poverty?
 Why I to the bottle fly
 When I am in misery?

I'll tell you, just list awhile,
 The story, Sir, is not long ;
 Perhaps you would only smile
 If I said how I went wrong.

I was in love some years bac
 With one beautiful and fair;
 I loved her true, but alack !
 She led me into a snare.

She made me spend all I had,
 I even got into debt;
 Then she left me broken, sad,
 I've not got over it yet.

I was worried and harrassed,
 Night and day it made me think,
 Whene'er I felt embarrassed,
 I flew for comfort to drink.

To give it up I did try,
 Alas ! I struggled in vain;
 I resolved rather to die
 Than be ever drunk again.

'Twere useless to reform me,
 To save me from ruin's brink.
 What fate wills, so let it be,
 If I must sink, then I sink,

'Twas kind though, most kind of you,
 In me an interest to take.
 If there was aught that I knew
 Would save me, my life I'd stake.

But the past is e'er before me,
 So it always makes me think ;
 Rather than go mad, you see,
 I must have resource to drink,

Bombay, 4th October, 1913.

278. BEAR AND FORBEAR.

EACH life has its ills and good,
 No mind is free from care ;
 'Twere useless therefore to brood,
 Thy cross thou needs must bear.

Thine may seem a cruel lot,
 But others have their share ;
 Perhaps thy burdens cannot
 With thy neighbour's compare.

Still where rosy Pleasure leads,
 Sorrow's thorns are strewn there ;
 And Grief and Misery feeds
 The burning flames ev'rywhere.

Then turn ye, thy cares forego,
 There's woe everywhere.
 Many hearts are—if thou didst know
 Heavy with grief and despair.

False pleasures that thou dost drive
 From things, dissolve in air ;
 Foolish night-fires, from which strive
 Ever to forbear.

Behold ! now pass where ye may,
 Thou shalt observe despair
 Marked clear as light of day
 On each feature ev'rywhere.

The worst foe that mankind knows
 Is the Drink, I declare ;—
 Mightier far than all the foes,
 Its power none can compare.

Stale debauch that issues forth
 And fouls the pure night's air ;
 Where'er ye go, south or north,
 The Demon thou'lt meet there.

Go, enter saloons and see
 There the smith, groom and seer,
 The gentleman, the lackey,
 Pledging each in foaming beer !

Hark ! the violin now screams,
 As if in piteous tone ;
 Weeping, wailing,—so it seems
 O'er man so shameless grown.

Glorious drink ! *This* the pleasure
 That drives thousands to hell ?
 Who can the mis'ries measure ?
 Who can the anguish foretell ?

Driven thus through naught but Drink !
 Who bids them to beware ?
 Christian preachers, pause and think,
 There's work for ye all there.

If a homeless child thou meet,
 Bid it enter and share
 Thy rushy couch ; bid it eat
 With thee thy frugal fare.

The poor wife, loving and true.
 Her soul's filled with despair ;
 What do ye stand there and do ?
 Go, offer comfort there.

Lift the fallen, save the weak,
 There's power in prayer ;
 Go ye then, these victims seek,
 They call for help from their lair.

Thus the joy of luxury !
This, then, is the decoy ?
 Curst 'tis by heaven's decree ;
 All, all it does destroy.

Go, teach erring men to spurn,
 Use persuasive strain ;
 Bid them to go and earn
 In better wise their gain.

Hope prolongs our happier hour,
 Faith our souls does prepare
 For the heavenly bower
 So beautiful and fair !

Bombay, 20th October, 1913.

279. THE MODERN POET'S LAMENT.

Mr. Albert E. Bull in his book "How to write for the Papers" under the Chapter for Poetry, says, "The demand for Poetry of a suitable nature is far greater than the supply. Note the qualification, 'a suitable nature,' for it is here the versifier goes wrong."

"The payment for verses is rarely high and the chances for making a living from this kind of work alone are almost desperate."

"The writer is very fortunate if he gets more than six pence a line for his work, and even *HALF* of this is *ABOVE* what some papers pay."

"Probably the best payment for this class of work is for the successful song-writer. Payment here sometimes takes the form of royalties and a single song may bring a good round sum. But the Poet's fate in this department is dependent upon the musician's skill and popularity."

In the days of chivalry thou, poor Muse
Wast not held in gross abuse.
Now Mr. Bull, in his young author's guide,
By his advice ope's our eyes wide !
We knew that the poor poet's profession
Created no impression ;
The pittance we for our verses receive,
None could credit or believe.

We are told if we write a serenade,
Perhaps we'd be better paid !
The demand for poems, he says, is great,—
But here's the unsavoury bait :
Of a *suitable* nature they must be !—
Who'll define the term for me ?
Yet fees for accepted poems are small,
Enough for a crust,—that is all !

Though if a song-writer you can become,
You'll then earn quite a large sum !
In the form of apportioned royalties,—
Thus you'll live a life of ease.
Alas ! poor Muse, thou'rt of thy beauty shorn,
'Twere better wert thou never born !
Yet thy steep'd thoughts can perish never,
But be a joy forever !

280. THE POWER IN PRAYER.

Bombay, 24th September, 1913.

(With grateful acknowledgement to Mr. Aaron Bassouss.)

DESPONDENT I gazed at the sea,
My thoughts my only company !
Then the wind seemed to say to me,—
"Cheer up, lad, cheer ! be full of glee !"

My drooping spirits were raised !
In thankfulness the Lord I praised ;
Once more at the blue sea I gazed,
With the fire of Hope my heart blazed !

Hope led me on, Care flew away !
 Joytully I toiled day by day ;
 Grief no more held o'er me her sway,
 To Despair was I no more a prey !

So, should depression cast its gloom,
 And misty the horizon loom,
 Let not Sorrow thy heart consume,
 For Faith shall thy state illumine !

If thou art melancholy, pray !
 If thy spirits drooping be, pray !
 If sins have burdened thee, pray !
 For God alone can these allay !

Bombay, 21st November, 1917.

281. TO THE MISER.

EVER thou plead'st thy poverty,
 Living in hardships and misery;
 What use is wealth, if thou dost not live ?
 When Charity pleads thou dost not give ?

How thy soul trembles o'er a pie,
 Best years of thy life are fleeting by !
 If thou dost try to save for thine heirs,
 Thy treasures cannot be thine, but theirs !

This lust of money,—what its avail ?
 While the Fount of Life for thee doth fail ?
 Is it wisdom to gloat o'er thy wealth,
 Deny thyself comforts and lose thy health ?

Bombay, 24th November, 1917.

282. I GIVE THEE THANKS.

LORD, I give Thee thanks for Thy goodness unto me,
 How oft in the stillly nights have I pray'd to Thee !
 Yea, thou hast raised me from naught to a life of ease ;
 In the coming future let all my troubles cease !

What was I?—Only a grovelling creature once,
 Yet in my darkest moments I did not renounce
 My faith in Thee. Full well I knew Thou wouldst me uplift ;
 And now I acknowledge Thy mercy, and thy gift.

Bombay, 25th November, 1917.

283. TO FANNY.

'Twas years ago when first we met,
 How much has happened since, and yet
 That meeting I cannot forget,
 My Fanny.

Youth and its pleasures have all flown,
 Now we both have much older grown,
 But you are mine—my very own,
 My Fanny.

Your paths thro' life was not serene,
 But why sigh o'er the "might have been?"
 Over the past pull down the screen,
 My Fanny.

Your needles, once a shining store,
 Plies not as fast as heretofore,
 But there's no need to ply them more,
 My Fanny.

Duty once forced you to fulfil,
 What you'd gladly do for me still,
 But your sight seconds not the will,
 My Fanny.

Your arduous labours now must cease,
 Ended for you is hardship's lease,
 Now there's to be peace, perfect peace,
 My Fanny.

Whene'er your hand in mine I hold,
 I feel happier ten thousandfold,
 Than does the miser with his gold,
 My Fanny.

Bombay, 27th November, 1917.

284. THE WOMEN'S REPLY TO THE
NATIONAL CALL.

We cannot join the rank and file,
Yet we can cheer the lads with a smile ;
We'll tend the plough while they're away,
We'll work with a will day by day.

We'll help to make the shot and shell,
We'll drive the coaches, fill the well ;
We'll make their clothing and their gear ;—
Our faith in them shall banish fear.

The policeman's baton we can wield,
To no one our sphere we shall yield !
We'll tend the wounded, nurse the sick,
There is no task at which we shall stick !

So long the lads are freed for the fray,
So long they keep the foe at bay ;
So long they fight for Liberty
Till the glorious dawn of Vict'ry !

Bombay, 7th December, 1917.

285. GENERAL DUKHONIN'S SOLEMN
WARNING TO RUSSIA.

No, I am no traitor to my country,
I desired from serfdom to make her free ;
'Tis thou, Krylenko, and all thy lot
That have on Russia's name cast the blot !
To the Huns the country thou hast sold,
Thro' ages shall the story be told.
With regret shall Russia recall my word,—
The warning unheeded, the voice unheard !

Thou canst slay me, I'm in in thy power,
Fear not, I shall not for mercy cower.
Thou dost bind thy people with fetters strong,
That'll cut deeper thro' the flesh than the thong !
To our enemy thou dost ope' the gate,
Repentance shall come when too late !
Beware of thy folly ere the hour's past,
Ere the Germans their spell o'er thee cast !

Thou dost hold the populace by thy sway,
 But for their errors they'll dearly pay !
 Thou shalt plead to our Allies, but in vain !
 When the Germans shall lord o'er our domain.
Then thou shalt regret that thou didst not list,
 For thou shalt surely feel the Huns' mailed fist.
 When our lands shall be held by Germany,
 'Twill mean farewell to Russia's Liberty !

Pause, Russia, before the burning flame,
 Oh ! tarnish not forever thy good name !
 Hie thee once again to the battlefield,
 Do not, I pray, to the Tempter's voice yield !
 Remember those who died to make thee free,
 'Tis in their name that now I urge my plea !
 The Allies shall aid thee in this fight,
 Crush Tyranny and establish Right.

Bombay, 8th December, 1917.

286. THE TWO VOICES.

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

BURNS.

First Voice : THY head is bowed with burden'd care,
 Thy face bears a look of despair ;
 Thy form seems drooping in its prime,
 Thy hairs are greyed before their time.

Second Voice : By my genius have I been swayed,
 'This the havoc on me it played !
 I sought the world but found not fame,
 Without means I could not urge my claim.

First Voice : Nothing but a mass of flesh and bone !
 Has *this* what genius for thee done ?
 Yet men worse learned than art thou,
 Are by the world idolised, I trow !

Second Voice : Yes, they had wealth and influence
 To raise them to that competence.
 But, alas ! poor me, here I lie
 In poverty, and thus I shall die !

First Voice : Be thou patient, my gentle lad,
 Sure the world is not half so bad ?
 Time shall allay thy grief and pain,
 If thou hast failed, then try again !

Second Voice : Ah, friend ! 'tis useless to urge me on,
 I shall be forgotten when I'm gone ;
 Here I shall work on as a slave,
 Till I am laid in the cold grave.

First Voice : Is wealth then the skeleton key
 That ope's each door in society ?
 But can the Press assist you not ?
 It should push your genius, as it ought ?

Second Voice : To it 'twere useless to appeal,
 'Tis as adamant as the steel !
 The world is cruel, callous, unkind,—
 Say, shall I sympathy therein find ?

* * * *

Alas ! so shall it be till the end,
 Wealth shall alone a man befriend ;—
 'Twil buy position, pow'r and fame,
 'Twill earn the title to the name !
 Genius may as well smould'ring lie,
 If this one spark ye cannot apply.
 So 'tis always been since the world began,—
 This is " Man's inhumanity to Man ! "

Bombay, 9th December, 1917.

287. WITH ME ABIDE.

WHEN I'm in trouble
 To Thee I pray ;
 In sickness or health
 Thou art my stay.

Be my Comforter
 Thou, day and eve ;
 With Thee beside me
 I cannot grieve.

I shall trust in Thee
 While there is breath ;
 Thou shalt sustain me
 Even in death !

Lead me my Saviour,
 Be Thou my Guide ;
 In life or in death
 With me abide.

Bombay, 10th December, 1917

288. A PRAYER FOR SALVATION.

SAVE me, O Lord, save me I pray !
 My heart cries to Thee day to day ;
 Thou art my help, Thou art my all,
 I trust in Thee and fear no fall !

Guard me from those who hate me so,
 Thou shalt uplift me that I know ;
 To whom shall I plead, if not to Thee ?
 By Thy strength, O Lord, judge Thou me.

There be a rock higher than I,—
 O could I for shelter to it fly !
 In trouble man's help is but vain,
 Thou alone canst relieve our pain.

At my tears hold Thou not Thy peace.
 Day by day my faith shall increase ;
 Cleanse me from sins, I'm burden'd so,
 Give me salvation ere I go !

Bombay, 10th December, 1917.

289. A PRAYER FOR INTERVENTION.

(Europe 1914-1917.)

LORD, with one accord the people call !
 The world is tott'ring, save it from fall !
 Cities and churches in ruins lie,
 The widows and orphans to Thee cry !

Thy vengeance, Lord, has dealt its blow,
 Wilt Thou not now Thy mercy show ?
 Employ Thy powers to end this strife,
 Prevent further waste of human life !

Though fierce the battles that have been fought,
 Alas ! human strength availeth nought !
 Thou, O God, alone canst intervene !—
 Stay the bloodiest strife the world has seen !

Ruin threatens, Thou alone canst save !
 The dead e'en call to Thee from the grave !
 Tyranny with all Thy might assail !
 Bid Peace and Prosperity prevail !

Lord, Thy ears to our prayers incline,
 Once more cause to shine Thy Light Divine !
 We shall only triumph by Thy might,
 Then the world shall enjoy Freedom and Right !

Bombay, 11th December, 1917.

290. THE CONQUEST OF JERUSALEM.

*(Jerusalem was occupied by General Allenby's forces
 on the 11th December, 1917.)*

LIGHT the bonfires, ring the bells !
 For each chime good news foretells !
 Arise, ye people, once more free !
 No more in bondage ye shall be !

Thank the Lord, the Friend of the poor,
 He has unlocked each prison door !
 The City, where mighty monarchs did reign,
 Will be liberated once again !

Jerusalem, thy hour is near !
 Thy people now have nought to fear ;
 They shall once again break with Freedom's song
 The silence of your nights of wrong !

Arise, shake off the wild restraint
 Of ages. God has heard thy plaint !
 Did there ever dawn a morn so glad ?
 The very trees are brighter clad !

How small shall seem the sacrifice,
 When God shall dry the streaming eyes ;
 When tyranny shall perish for aye,
 The Dove of Peace come back to stay !

Loud and long ring, ring the bells !
 Every stroke exulting tells
 That nearer and nearer draws the hour
 When God shall destroy the tyrant's pow'r.

Once this victory we shall win,
 Shall a fresher life begin !
 With tranquil joy it shall belt the earth,
 And send peace in ev'ry home and hearth !

Bombay, 15th December, 1917.

291 THE WORLD'S OPINIONS.

You trudge the road of life but find progress slow,
 You may not meet with welcome ev'rywhere you go ;
 The people may slander or pass remarks queer,
 Stop not to argue, for the road ahead is clear.

To avoid society you might decide,
 You will be pointed as one possessed of pride ;
 If sincere, honest and upright you be found,
 The world will condemn you as a rogue, I'll be bound !

Were you poor and your garments shabby and torn,
 The rich will pass you by with a look of scorn !
 And if in boldness of spirit you should strive,
 The world will condemn you and not let you thrive !

But if wealth you possess your friends will be many,
 Yet only a few would be faithful—if any.
 Many speak well to your face, but behind your back
 Of venom, gibe and bitter spite there'll be no lack !

So, if you wish to get on, do just as you please,
 For nothing you try will the world's gossip appease ;
 While your heart rings true and your faith is strong,
 Keep on the straight path, you'll *never* go wrong !

Bombay, 22nd September, 1913,

292. I LOVE MY COUNTRY MORE.

WEEP not, dearest, for I go
 To help to conquer the foe.
 I love you, sweetheart, that you know,
 Duty calls and I must hie !

Our freedom the foes assail,
 But Right o'er Might must prevail,
 Before Honour all else must pale,—
 Kiss me and say good-bye.

I shall forget my dreary care,
 Could you only this parting bear,
 If it please God my life to spare,
 I shall be home again.

Then that home shall beam with gladness.
 Ne'er a note of pain and sadness,—
 Come, this silence is but madness,
 Let Hope in your heart reign.

Keep your Faith strong while I'm away,
 Try, love, to be cheerful and gay,
 Should you feel lonely, kneel and pray
 To Him we all adore !

Pray that the Lord our Cause may bless,
 Let not my absence cause distress,,
 Though I go, I love you none the less,
 But I love my Country more !

Bombay, 23rd December, 1917-

293. LINES

*(In Memory of Patrick Conor, died at Calcutta,
 10th May 1912.)*

ALAS ! while yestereve all seemed bright,
 Morning's light heralded the gloom:
 One soul flitted past in the night,
 The body now rests in its tomb.

The wife, who now is left alone,
 Who shall console her in her loss ?
 Though her fate she'll sadly bemoan,
 To the end she must bear her cross.

The child in ignorance shall grow
 Of a father's caress and love ;
 The mother's heart, so full of woe,
 Shall receive solace from above.

God will not her happiness mar,
 While this one comfort she shall find,—
 He who is gone is happier far
 Than all those he has left behind.

Calcutta, 10th May, 1912.

294. IN TOKEN OF REMEMBRANCE.

(To the Memory of Miss Muriel Greengrass who died at
 Coromandel on 12th June 1913)

WHERE is that voice we heard at dawn ?
 Where that laughter that rang so clear ?
 Alas ! they're still'd and she has gone,
 No more we'll feel her presence near.

Farewell !—nay, say rather good-bye !
 Thy young spirit—so free in life—
 Has flown, where all young souls shall fly,
 To that beyond, void of all strife.

But what of those whom thou hast left ?
 Can aught assuage their griefs so sore ?
 Of all pleasures they are bereft,
 Since they'll know thee on earth no more.

If I, who was naught but a friend,
 Should feel so sad as I do,
 Dear ones who witnessed thy end
 Suffer more at loss of you.

Years and years shall pass one by one,
 Time shall allay our griefs and pain ;
 And when our work here shall be done,
 We shall meet thee in heav'n again.

Then rest thee, child, God willed it so,
 This comfort all of us shall find :
 That thou'rt happier—full well I know
 Than all those thou hast left behind.

Bombay, 13th June, 1913.

295. IN MEMORIAM.

(The Late Second Lieutenant Edward Hearsch, R. A.)

FAR away from your hearth,
 And from those who loved you dear ;
 Away from the land of your birth,
 And with no loved ones near,
 Thus to die !

Your life was in its bloom,
 Your soul yearned for all things great ;
 When visions of future would loom,
 Then you'd sit and contemplate
 Your destiny.

But when the War began,
 When-recruiting was at its height,
 Patriotism did fan
 Your heart to join in the fight
 For your King.

You joined the R.A.,
 You held a commissioned rank ;
 Then, just when eager for the fray,
 How your spirit must have sank
 On knowing ;

That a sickness should be
 A checkmate to your desire :
 Just to share in the glory,
 Of vict'ry for the Empire,
 And thus lie !

Ere you could realise,
 Death claimed you for its own !
 With none near to sympathise,
 No dear ones by, your loss to mourn,
 No one nigh !

Perhaps there were friends near
 To comfort you to the end ;
 But you'd have preferred someone dear
 To you in your last hour tend ;
 God willed it not !

I knew you as a child,
 And scarce would recognise your face ;
 Those were days when youth is wild,
 But on your feature was no trace
 Of aught.

Your place who now can fill ?
 Who comforts your mother's grief ?
 Who your sisters' sorrows still ?
 Who your brothers give relief ?
 There be none !

Men say that time shall heal all grief,
 That passing years shall bring relief
 To all the heart-aches, all the sighs,
 And wipe all tears from streaming eyes !
 God's will be done !

Bombay, 16th July, 1915.

296. THE VETERAN SOLDIER'S DEATH.

To the Memory of Field Marshal The Right Honourable Earl Roberts
 of Kandahar and Pretoria. K.G., K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., etc. who
 died on the battlefields of France, where he went to visit his
 Indian soldiers, on the 14th November, 1914.

BRAVE spirit ! mourned with fond regret,
 Thine was indeed a soldier's death !
 Amidst the boom of shot and shell,
 Thou didst yield thy precious breath.

Brave hero of many a fight,
 Ended is now thy long career !
 The many wreaths that loving hearts entwined,
 All lie now withered on thy bier.

Soon the Flag of Victory shall fly,
 And troops be returning home again !
 But what of the human sacrifice
 That victory shall lead in her train ?

Ah ! did thy country heed thy warnings
 Ere the war-clouds burst overhead,
 She'd have had less cause to regret
 Of this useless waste of bloodshed.

Alas ! that thou couldst not live to see
 The end of this glorious strife !
 Oh ! that God had but ordained
 To save for that hour thy noble life !

Though vict'ry's flame cheered thee not,
 Thine was a glorious death indeed !
 Perhaps ye knew that now the world
 From tyranny shall be ever freed.

'Twas genuine grief felt at thy death,
 As comrades stood before thy grave !
 Shall affection e'er weep again
 So proudly o'er a soldier brave ?

Thy dirge was the bugle's wild call,
 The clash of arms, the cannon's roar !
 These brought before thy vision's gaze
 The scenes of battles fought before.

* * * *

Go ye, who stood before his tomb,
 To your children tell the story,
 Of how the veteran hero died,
 Who had earned such fame and glory !

Bombay, 31st December, 1915.

297. THE LAST HOUR.

(In Memory of Nurse Edith Cavell, shot 12th October 1915.)

LIFE's parting beams before thee rose,
When the hour of thy doom drew near ;
Among the spectators were those
Who declared thy face showed no fear.

America tried her level best
To plead clemency for thee ;
Futile, alas ! was her behest,
For rejected was her plea.

Secretly ere gleamed the dawn,
Thou wast led forth to meet thy doom ;
Thy tragic end on that fatal morn
O'er the world cast its horror and gloom.

A bright smile illumined thy face,
As to thy death thou wast thus led ;
Thy features showed the pride of race,
No trace was there of any dread !

'Twas just at the very last
When thy courage began to fail ;
And when consciousness was past,
Thy soul had flitted down the vale.

Loud and bitter ran vengeance's cry
When the news were flashed by wire ;
To think that *thus* thou shouldst die !
It roused ev'ry just nation's ire.

And they did feel, who loved thee most,
A pride so holy and so pure.
Ah ! though to the world thou art lost,
Thy name in men'ry shall endure.

Thy Country and King mourn thee now,
Thy murder was a foul disgrace.
At the reckoning hour, I trow,
Of this crime we'll not lose a trace.

Bombay, 31st January, 1916.

298. LET US PRAISE A GREAT MAN.

(Field Marshal Earl Kitchner of Khartoum).

Thy glorious deeds in war and peace,
Bade our reverence for thee increase ;
In this great conflict thou wast firm,
Foresaw the duration of its term ;
All this conspired to swell thy fame,
Honoured shall ever be thy name.

Oh ! that thou couldst have lived to see
The rosy dawn of Victory !
But, alas ! thy clear eyes were dimmed
As the cold waters over brimmed !
Like the morning star in the wave,
Thou didst sink in thy wat'ry grave.

Thy place shall be allotted when
The Sword no longer deprives the Pen
Of rightful sovereignty !
A reptile Press hath done its worst,
Its fulsome bubbles against thee burst ;—
Thou Man of silent dignity !

Bombay, 18th April, 1917.

299. IN MEMORY OF MAX FAVEL.

(Died at Bombay, 2nd May, 1917.)

FAREWELL thou hadst no time to say,
Death's cold hands bore thee fast away !
When on thy sick bed thou didst lie,
No thought hadst thou that thou woudst die.
Thy spirit soared to realms above,
They mourn thee now whom thou didst love ;
But one thought alone shall soothe their pain ;
The thought to meet thee in heav'n again.

Yet thy loss to them was a blow,—
 Did they but thy condition know,
 They'd have done all in hopes to save
 Thee from a cold and cruel grave.
 They weep,—but tears are their only lot,
 They gaze in sadness on the spot
 Where thy presence hovered ever,
 Where they know they'll see thee never.

* * * *

This is the end of all on earth,
 Be they kings or of humble birth ;
 Death is but the ultimate goal,
 Yet immortal remains the soul.
 Our span of life on earth is brief,
 But must we bow our heads in grief ?
 All is not here, we shall find our quest
 When our bodies are laid to rest !

Bombay, 4th May, 1917.

300. LINES.

(Composed for an obituary notice to the late Mr R. Champ, who died at
 Greenwich, England, on the 31st August, 1917.)

(*By request.*)

We longed for the day of his return,
 We hoped to welcome him back again ;
 To see him once more our hearts did yearn,
 Alas ! all our yearnings were but vain.

He died far from those whom he loved best.
 His sufferings he had patiently borne ;
 Ah ! but while his soul is now at rest,
 All our hearts are with anguish torn.

Lone are the paths and sad the bowers
 Whence his familiar smile is gone ;
 But lo ! a brighter home than ours
 In heaven above is his own !

Bombay, 7th October, 1917.

301. A PAUPER'S DEATH.

ENTER, stranger, bow thy head,
Gaze in silence on the dead !
He was proud—though lowly born,
Why shudder thus and turn in scorn ?
Will thy state be mightier than his
When thy form lies stretched like this ?

The pavement is damp and cold,
What there are of things are old ;
Poverty was this man's lot,
He tried to live on what he got ;
He toiled on, alas, in vain !
He could not live on his gain.

His soul has cleft its prison bars,
And escaped beyond the stars !
His sufferings are at an end,
Him no one tried to befriend !
'There now lies the soulless clod,
The immortal ascends to God !

Bombay, 22nd November, 1917.

302. TO THE MEMORY OF GENERAL

SIR STANLEY MAUDE, G.C.B., etc.

(The Hero of Mesopotamia.)

Died of Cholera at Bagdad on the 18th November, 1917.)

"The country mourns the loss of one of the most valiant of her sons."

Mr. Lloyd George.

BRAVE soldier, rest, thy fame is won,
Thy duty on earth is now done.
By a fell disease thou wast swept,
All those who heard of thy death, wept !

In the fierce combat's foremost thrust,
Thy gallant soldiers were the first.
In the City that thou didst save,
For thyself thou hast found a grave !

" Yes, he was indeed a great man ! "
 So eve'rywhere the verdict ran ;
 Few more feats of such chivalry
 Shall free the world of tyranny !

With love that scorns the lapse of time,
 Thou shalt be thought of in ev'ry clime ;
 Men shall tell of thy deeds and sigh
 To think, 'midst thy glories, thus to die !

Bombay 24th November, 1917.

303. DEATH.

THOU claimest the lives of all on earth,
 We are taught to face thee from our birth !
 Thou, the last great Enemy of Empires,
 Thy lust is far, far greater than Hell-fires !
 Yet he whom Faith doth fortify,
 Prepares to meet his Creator on high ;
 But the wretched sinner vainly doth crave !
 To be saved from the terrors of the grave !
 We begin to think of " the might have been " !
 When thy presence hov'ring o'er us is seen.
 What are we ?—be we old or in our prime,
 But floating straws on the whirlpool of Time !
 Yet if the ways of Love shall lead to thee,
 Then thou too shall be as sweet as Love be.
 'Tis only when poor mortals thy grip feel,
 That thoughts of past—of future on them steal !
 Beneath the sod and many fathoms deep,
 Many now repose in dreamless sleep !
 The poor, the rich and even royalty,
 All obey thy behests and follow thee !
 Yet 'tis but our bodies that thou canst claim,
 Our souls thou canst not consume by thy flame ;
 Then why should we sorrow ? Why should we weep ?
 When thou dost nearer and nearer creep ?
 Rather should we our taunt against thee fling ;
 " Tell us thou, O Death, where, where is thy sting ? "

Bombay, 22nd December, 1917.

304. TO MRS. H.

(On learning of the death of her husband.)

DEAR Lady, I condole with thee
In thy irreparable loss ;
May the Lord thy Comforter be
And sustain thee to bear thy cross.

God moves in a mysterious way,
What He wills we cannot gainsay.
What is Life ?—but a fleeting show,
What's behind the veil we cannot know.

He so young !—his life full of bloom !
Hope did his future illumine.
Yet thus to leave thee ?—cruel fate !
Leave thee thus in thy lone state !

But in our sorrow faith alone
Makes an unseen world all our own.
Hide not beneath thy veil of woe,
Although thy sad loss lays thee low.

Thy Yuletide has bitter been made,
Grief its heavy hand on thee laid.
Sorrow and love go side by side,
Time and space cannot these divide !

With fortitude thy sorrow bear,
Burden not thy soul with despair.
Man is sprung from terrestrial clod,
Life and power are all in God.

Bombay, 25th December, 1917.

305. THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL SONG.

I HEAR the boom of cannons,
Around me I see the snow ;
I know ere another winter
We shall have conquered the foe.

But I shall not live to see
The dawn of that glorious day ;
For ere twilight's hour shall wane
My soul shall have passed away !

I am drifting from thee, love,—
Drifting where Death's stream doth flow ;
But thro' the winds I whisper
My message to thee ere I go.

I see around me floating
Visions, dearest love, of thee !
I know when I've passed away
Thou wilt always think of me !

Lo ! Death is hovering near,
Its cold grip on me I feel !
With joy I hail its coming,
No fear in my heart doth steal.

I behold the bright dawning
Of Freedom and Liberty !
Ah ! I feel my life was
Not sacrificed in vain by me !

Besides, dying is waking
To a fresher life above !
I know in that Paradise
I shall meet thee too, my love !

Farewell, dear heart, fare thee well !
Do not weep and mourn for me ;
I feel life's cord is breaking—
Lo ! now from troubles I'm free !

* * * *

Who can declare him faithless—
That noble hero now dead ?
And so have thousands others
In the cause of Freedom bled.

These men have a right to be
 Called noble, strong and brave !
 These were the true sons of England
 Who died our prestige to save.

Bombay, 28th December, 1917.

306, THE PASSING AWAY OF 1917.

DYING ! and ere the dawn of another day
 Thy spirit shall have slowly past away !
 There be none who'll sorrow at thy demise,
 When they take the toll of human sacrifice,

The stream of blood that like rivers ran,
 Still flows on though ended now is thy span !
 Sad waste ! for what shall it avail
 Even if Peace o'er the earth shall prevail ?

Many a home will still be desolate,
 Ere the Huns' tyranny we can frustrate ;—
 Ah ! were it not for Russia's treachery,
 In thy days we should have hailed Victory.

Time 'twould seem is more precious than the joys,
 Prayer more seasonable than the noise :
 For since the strength of mighty nations fail,
 'Tis God's power alone that shall prevail.

I look ahead—a vision bright I see :
 The men are thriving, the women in their glee ;
 The scheming legislators are no more,
 The butch'ry, the slav'ry are events of yore.

To the will of people even kings bow,
 The school, the pulpit are dumb no longer now.
 The people are finer,—a nobler race,
 Human in their traits and comelier of face.

They now raise their laws on foundation sound,
 The rich no longer the working men ground.
 Ah ! I see also the slums are all gone,
 Cruelty and murder are no more known !

Man's nobler nature to the fore stands,
With women as partners in ruling the lands.
This would be the condition of the world,
When the Flag of Freedom shall be unfurled

If this the result that the War would wrought,
Then the nations would not in vain have fought.
Revealed in the forthcoming year may stand
The wealth of rev'rence for the Godly hand !

Bombay, 31st December, 1917.

THE END.

